The Nation.

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The Week.

The steel strikers succeeded on Thursday in persuading the Joliet workmen to violate their contract with their employers and throw up their job. It would be more to the point to say that the Joliet men made a loss rather than that the strikers made a gain. Mr. Bryan has spoken a true word in his paper, the *Commoner*. While supporting and justifying the strike, he says that "the Trust can afford to lose a year's dividends, but the employees cannot afford to lose a year's work." His cure for such a situation is an odd one. "The ballot-box," he says, "affords the only permanent and complete remedy." It would perhaps be ungracious, or untrue to say that this means, "Vote for me and I will lead you to victory," but it certainly does mean, "Vote for my party." But what is Mr. Bryan's party now? If President Shaffer and Mr. Gompers and all the labor leaders should decide to follow Mr. Bryan's advice at the ballot-box, they would still be at a loss, without further advice, to know what ticket to drop into it when they arrived there.

Nobody should be surprised at the report that officers of the United States Steel Corporation declare that they will enter into no negotiations with the Amalgamated Association for a settlement of the strike until that organization shall have been incorporated. The natural course in reaching a settlement would be to propose the signing of a contract by the United States Steel Corporation, on the one side, and the Amalgamated Association, on the other. When such a contract had been made, it could be enforced against the Corporation in the courts, because that organization of employers has a legal standing. But so long as the Association continues the same sort of body that it has been in the past, it could break a new contract at any time in the future as recklessly as it has just broken an old one, and the other party would have no legal redress. There are plenty of English precedents for the incorporation of the Amalgamated Association. A decision has recently been rendered by the House of Lords, on an appeal from the courts, which establishes the principle that a labor union may be compelled to pay out of its funds damages for the injury it has done its employer.

When Mr. Shaffer has succeeded in ruining his Amalgamated Association and gone the way of Debs and Irons and of the other once famous strike leaders, he will be remembered respectfully because of his persistent appeals to the strikers to keep the peace. It is still too early to say whether the strike will pass off without any disturbances, but the fact that one of this magnitude has gone on as long as it has without disorder is creditable to both Mr. Shaffer and the men who have followed his advice. Nowhere has it been necessary thus far to call out the militia or even swear in large posses, and nowhere have the non-union men *en masse* been made to pay, by physical injuries, for their desire to earn their bread. That this policy is the wisest one for the strikers to pursue does not detract from the praise their good conduct will deserve if matters go on to the end as peaceably as they are now progressing. Wanton outbreaks would take from the strikers the last vestige of public opinion which may be on their side. Yet no considerations kept the Homestead strikers and Chicago rioters from trying to kill the free laborers who sought their places. In view of Mr. Shaffer's extraordinarily distorted conception of the meaning and validity of a contract, his good sense in this matter is more than might have been expected.

While public attention has been fixed upon the great steel strike, trouble has been brewing in another quarter. The price of cotton print cloths has been falling, and stocks have been accumulating until the mill-owners at Fall River have found it necessary either to reduce wages or to close the works until the surplus of production is taken off the market. They have decided to reduce the wages of their operatives 15 per cent., to take effect on the 3d of September. The secretaries of the labor unions say that the reduction will be resisted to the bitter end, and that there will be a strike, and that the 30,000 operatives will be idle if the mill-owners adhere to their declared intention. Mr. M. C. D. Borden (one of the largest producers, and one who makes print cloths and prints them also) does not agree with the other proprietors. In an interview published in the *Tribune* he says that the way to cure the evil of overproduction is to stop making goods for a while. He believes that the operatives ought to be taken into consultation and asked which policy they would prefer—reduction of wages or reduction in product. He thinks that they are reasonable beings, and that an agreement might be reached which would avoid bad feeling, and accomplish the result aimed at, which is an equilibrium of production and consumption. Deciding the question off-hand, in the way they have done, Mr. Borden thinks is indicative of a desire on the part of the mill-owners to produce a strike as the surest means of curtailing production.

No one ever suspected the present Federal Civil-Service Commission of being made up of fighting reformers. President McKinley would not knowingly run the risk of "friction" involved in appointing such to office. His way of securing "harmony" was to take an old spoilsman, like ex-Congressman Rodenberg, and ask him to execute the law which he had publicly spit upon. Yet even that little strenuous reformer unites with his colleagues in signing an annual report which is, in effect, an arraignment of President and Congress for failure to live up to the law themselves, and for winking at its violation by others. Naturally, the report comes out strong on the good that is to be said of the year's work. Judge Taft's excellent provisions for a Philippine civil service are praised, as they should be, and the fact is noted that 9,889 appointments to the classified service in this country were made on examination—the largest number ever attained in a single year. But the demoralization of the internal-revenue service; the prevalence of illegal political assessment on Federal employees; the need of at once restoring some at least of the President's "excepted" positions to the classified list whence he took them; the scandals among the place-holders named by the House of Representatives, and the importance of extending and stiffening up the law and making it something more than a dead letter—all this is set forth. The famous case of Collector Sapp of Louisville is referred to only to say that the Administration decided, "after a thorough investigation," to "ignore" the charges. That is the true McKinley attitude towards civil-service reform—one grand, comprehensive gesture, putting the whole thing aside. What so good a man as he "ignores," cannot really exist. Let us have peace, and let Platt, Quay, and Hanna have the offices.

Repudiation of Bryanism by the Democratic party goes on with increasing speed. The action of the Ohio Convention last month in adopting a platform which ignored free coinage was followed last week by a similar course on the part of the Pennsylvania and Virginia Democrats. In the former State the obvious propriety and advantage of a campaign on purely State issues renders the silence about national questions less significant, but in Virginia no such influence operated. The Democrats of this Southern State had no motive or desire to conceal their sentiments, and they

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took evident pleasure in making it known that they are done with Bryanism, and rank Bryan himself with the politically dead. This is most encouraging to all who recognize the necessity of an effective opposition, and who, therefore, want to see the Democratic party regain its old strength. Bryan himself becomes steadily a more ridiculous figure, as he refuses to accept the retirement into which he is being irresistibly forced by his former followers.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions shows that there were very nearly one million names on the pension roll on the 30th of June, and that the net gain during the year was 4,206. As this is the thirty-sixth year since the end of the civil war, the net increase in the number of pensioners disproves the charge that Commissioner Evans has been "unsympathetic" in his administration of the office. The number of certificates issued during the year was 109,668, being 4,000 more than were ever issued in any previous year. The report shows the greatest activity now in the discovery of new diseases among old pensioners, and in applications for increase of pensions on account of new disabilities which have developed since the former ones were discovered by the examiners and paid for by the Government. There has been much pension enthusiasm also among the veterans of the Spanish war. Their drawings for the past year were $1,175,224, which was an increase of $842,320 over the previous year. There has been a marked increase of widows' pensions. The total amount paid for pensions during the year was $138,500,000, which was less, by $6,000,000, than the appropriation made by Congress. Doubtless this discrepancy will be made the basis of a new attack upon Commissioner Evans, or of a suggestion for a law to provide that the amount of money distributed shall never be less than the amount of the estimate. This might be arranged by providing that the amount left over should be divided pro rata the following year.

It was not long ago that we were able to praise Joseph Merrill, a brave Georgia Sheriff, who fought a mob of would-be lynchers, and successfully defended a negro prisoner for whom he was responsible. On Thursday Sheriff Kyles of Tuscaloosa, Ala., showed how easy it is for a determined man to withstand the criminals who go about in mobs to hang or burn negroes, by driving off fifty of his neighbors. This he did by pointing a double-barrelled shotgun, although he was surprised by the mob and had no assistance whatever. The incident shows clearly how cowardly at heart are the men who engage in these uncivilized undertakings, and how little they desire to risk their own lives by taking those of others. Were fifty or sixty such sheriffs as Mr. Merrill or Mr. Kyles scattered over the South, we should see a sudden and most encouraging drop in the number of lynchings. It is not unfair to assume that Sheriff Kyles was familiar with the Merrill case and the warm commendation it has received from the Southern press. At any rate, such examples as these, and such plain-spoken words as those uttered by ex-Gov. Jones of Alabama on the duties of sheriffs and other law officers, are bound to have a most beneficent influence. Certainly Alabama is to be congratulated that its name has been saved from another such foul blot as that put upon it at Enterprise week before last.

Supporters of the Platt law for Cuba must be grieved at the reports which come from the Constitutional Convention in Havana. Delegates freely say that the United States never will turn over the government of the island. They ask cynically what can be the use of framing an electoral law, since the Americans will never permit an election to be held. Even if one is held, they say, the native Government chosen will not be allowed to take office. These doubts may do the President and Secretary Root and Senator Platt painful injustice. The Administration may plan to keep its promises to Cuba as faithfully as it did its pledges to Porto Rico —though, we must say, it seems to be contemplating with singular satisfaction the drift in both Cuba and the United States towards speedy annexation. But the strange thing is that the Cubans do not believe it. The Platt law, it will be remembered, was designed to allay all their fears. When the Convention finally accepted it (under military orders), there was a general chorus, "Now Cuban independence is assured; now the danger of annexation is averted." The Cubans, however, have believed less and less in the possibility of independence, and more and more in the certainty of annexation, from that day on. And it is a fact that the only faction in the island to-day seriously contending for independence—that led by Gen. Masó—puts in the forefront of its programme the repudiation of the Platt law on the ground that it is a death-blow to independent Cuba! Such it undoubtedly is, was, and was intended to be.

The entire United States, we are sure, will hear with the deepest regret of the unworthy treatment which that eminently high-minded statesman and patriot, Congressman Hull of Iowa, has experienced in Manila. As all the world knows, this beneficent civilizer and his family went to the Philippine Islands at the expense of the Government some months ago, to see that his Philippine Lumber Company was getting its share of the Government contracts and other good things to be picked up in the process of bestowing freedom upon the Filipinos. We are sorry to say that the authorities in Manila do not seem to have fully realized the honor bestowed upon them by the visit of this statesman exploiter, if we may trust the Manila *Times*, and gave him only one ticket to the official tribunal on the occasion of the inaugural exercises of the first civil Governor of the Philippines. That the other distinguished guests also received only one ticket apiece is no excuse, for there were none others so preëminently distinguished as Mr. Hull. So Mr. Hull explained to the naval officer in charge, when he demanded seats for his family, and received some close to but just outside of the stand of notables. "They put me down here among a lot of clerks, as if I were nobody," he said. "Do you know who I am? I am Congressman Hull, and Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs." The naval officer again explained that nobody had been given preference over him; but, thinking the officer was of the army, Mr. Hull said, loud enough for all to hear, "I have made lots of officers and can unmake them. I find the army very different here to what I thought it was. This is only in line with the way I've been treated ever since I came to the Philippines." As Mr. Hull made his son (aged twenty-seven years) a major in the regular army last March, we trust the naval officer trembled properly. As for the army, we guarantee that it will be well dressed down at the next session of Congress, and serve it right, too, for not treating its betters properly.

The Canadian census of 1901, which registers a gain of 505,644, or 10.46 per cent., in the past ten years, has brought its share of surprises. While every one was prepared for the gratifying increase of population in Columbia and Manitoba, of 93.5 and 61.3 per cent., respectively, which has been largely due to the immigration policy of the present Government, many will be disappointed to find that in English Canada—Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia—the population is nearly stationary. French Canada, the Province of Quebec, on the other hand, has gained 8.9 per cent., or four times as fast as the other eastern provinces. This fact has already drawn out a demand for a recount from some of the Conservative newspapers, which charge that the figures have been falsified; but no one who knows the French Canadians, among whom early marriage and the "full quiver" are the rule, will wonder that they have outstripped their English neighbors. The significance of the increase in Quebec is slightly reduced when it is remembered that the 1890 figures for Ontario were probably

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much inflated, but the general fact is indisputable, that the balance of population in old Canada is shifting in favor of Quebec and the French Canadians.

Quebec, with its fixed representation of sixty-five in the Lower House of Parliament, determines, by the simple process of dividing the population by sixty-five, the basis of representation for all the Dominion. Under the new apportionment it is likely that Ontario will lose five members, while British Columbia and Manitoba will gain three each. Allowing for the losses in the Maritime Provinces, the total number of the Commons will probably be reduced from 213 to 211. It is hard to see how the Conservatives, who may lose slightly by the reapportionment, can make political capital out of the fact. The terms of the entrance of Quebec into the Dominion were that the representation of the French province should stand at sixty-five, and this agreement will hardly be modified. In every reapportionment the other provinces must have maintained an increase in population proportionate to that of Quebec, or lose in representation. There appears to be no serious injustice in this arrangement.

It was a courageous hotel-keeper in London who on Monday refused to turn away the colored delegates to the International Ecumenical Council. To the protest of certain of his American guests he replied that he was the judge of the fitness of travellers to be received in his hotel, and that he saw no reason why his guests should object to the presence of the educated colored clergymen who sought his hospitality. And yet his action would hardly suggest comment in England or on the Continent, where Asiatics and Africans are among the most distinguished travellers. It is not to our credit that public opinion in this country would not bear out so natural and brave a decision, if it were that of an American hotel-keeper. In Europe, where negroes of wealth and cultivation are not uncommon visitors, there is no social discrimination against them. No odium or discredit attaches to their mere color. Such facts suggest that the so-called gulf between the races in this country is not a natural one, but the result of slavery and its associations, and furnish ground for the unfailing optimism of Booker T. Washington, who holds that it is open to the colored race to earn full political and social recognition. Every refusal to humor the unreasoning antipathy of the white for the black helps towards such a consummation.

To American ears the discussion as to the advisability of flogging which has been going on in the English press since Ambassador Choate set the ball rolling in an address before the London University College School, smacks of bygone days. This school has itself demonstrated the fact that many young Englishmen can be turned out without having experienced corporal punishment. Yet there are still many otherwise enlightened persons in England who uphold the virtues of the birch, just as there are some people on this side of the Atlantic who believe in hazing. The English opponents of whipping have just brought out some extremely valuable testimony in regard to its worth in the case of juvenile offenders. Thus, a Yorkshire magistrate, who made a special inquiry into the results of flogging, reported that "while on the average about 30 per cent. of juvenile offenders sentenced to ordinary imprisonment were reconvicted, of those for whom a whipping had formed part of the sentence no less than 60 per cent. were reconvicted." Several sheriffs have likewise testified that the punishment is without deterrent effect, while many persons have written vigorous protests to the London *Daily News*, which is leading the campaign against these judicial outrages. As is the case with other severe punishments, the defenders of the whip fail to realize that the practice punishes those who inflict it quite as much as those who suffer it, by brutalizing and degrading them.

In Russia and southeastern Europe the most ominous signs of retaliation against the new German tariff are exhibited. The most determined resistance has been shown by the press of Austria-Hungary. Nearly one-half of her exports go to Germany. Wheat, barley, hops, cattle, meats, butter, eggs, and timber are the chief articles in this trade, which is of such importance to the prosperity of the dual monarchy that the prospect of its curtailment has aroused great bitterness among the commercial classes at Vienna and Budapest, and threatens to sunder the bonds of the Triple Alliance. The *Pesther Lloyd* newspaper says that it would be nonsensical to frame a new commercial treaty with Germany based upon the minimum rates of the proposed measure. The existing treaty between the two countries, which was framed by Chancellor Caprivi ten years ago, is about to expire, and, unless it is renewed, the maximum rates in both countries will be put in force. Of course, Germany will lose as much as Austria-Hungary by the lapse of the treaty. The market for German manufacturers will be curtailed on the one side to the same extent as that of the Austro-Hungarian farmers on the other. Both sides will be losers, and the balance of power in Europe may be shifted in order to satisfy the selfish demands of the landowners in East Prussia.

Even more ominous than this is the menace of the growing Socialist party in Germany. The Liberal newspapers predict that an increased cost of food will cause the laboring classes to espouse the doctrines of the Social Democrats in greater numbers than before. What this may mean to the Empire no one can accurately foretell, but it points to a political disintegration or upheaval of some kind. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Economist* says of it:

> "The growth of Socialism will necessarily involve the still further weakening of the more moderate opposition parties, till finally the masses will see that the only effective opposition to the Agrarian policy of the Government is found in the Social Democratic party. Now, the policy of the Government has hitherto been to make no concessions to this party, to espouse no policies for the sake of appeasing it. Therefore, it is easy to see that grave Constitutional difficulties may arise at some future time, when the majority of the people have come to elect Socialist Deputies. What would happen with a majority of Socialists in the Reichstag, representing the interests of the masses as over against the Agrarian element, and this majority confronted with an unyielding Government? It is a situation that has undoubtedly been made too little of in the present tariff discussions."

The Government is much disturbed by the prospect. This is shown by the tone of the semi-official press, which abounds in assurances that the bill is only tentative, and that it will doubtless be much modified in the Reichstag and the Bundesrath. The prominence given in these newspapers to dispatches from foreign capitals, sharply criticising the bill, is also taken as evidence that Count von Bülow is furnishing ammunition to the enemies of the measure, and that he would be glad to have it much modified. It is for the true interest of Germany that it should be not merely modified, but killed outright. As it stands now, it is a measure to enable the landowners to plunder all other classes, but especially those who depend upon their daily wages.

Alarmist rumors from South America will be largely discounted by those who have any knowledge of that civilization in which revolution is a form of sport. It is awkward, perhaps, that in both Venezuela and Colombia the revolutionary Presidents should have revolutionary movements to put down, but the coincidence does not—local correspondents to the contrary—portend a war between the two countries. The assertion of a greater Colombia movement so far lacks evidence, and looks very like an extravagant invention of the dull season. Our interest in the whole affair is of the remotest kind. We are, to be sure, pledged to maintain the neutrality of the Isthmus; but as yet that neutrality is not seriously threatened. Meanwhile, the Government has very properly sent ships to Panama and Colon. In 1885 we fulfilled our treaty obligation on the Isthmus without difficulty; we can do so again if occasion arises.

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THE STRIKERS AND THEIR CONSTITUTION.

The official style of the Amalgamated Association includes the term "Workers." It is a delightful misnomer. Work, if one may judge by the provisions of the Amalgamated's Constitution, published in last week's *Iron Age*, is the last thing that is wanted. It is the "dreadful alternative" to which the tramp told the lady of the house he should be reduced if she did not give him something. The Constitution is packed with stipulations against work. No outsider shall be allowed to work at all, and the insiders have to be mighty careful not to work too much, lest they be expelled. There is the most careful guarding against any man or mill producing more than a discreet minimum. It is all very well for the poet to advise, "Get work, get work, Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get"; the Amalgamated Association knows a trick worth two of that. Its motto is, "Do as little work as you possibly can, and less when you have got your employer in a corner."

A curious hostility to work appears in the most unexpected places in the Amalgamated's Constitution. Under Article X., for example, which treats of "strike benefits," we read in Section 8 that, if any member "shall work three or more days in one week at any job," he shall lose his strike benefit of $4 a week. The real intent of this may be, of course, merely to keep strike benefits from going where they are not needed; yet any one can see that the practical effect would be to make every striker religiously idle. But it is in busy times, when there is no strike, that the Constitution of the workers is most dead against work. Its distinct aim is to reduce work to the lowest possible terms, and then monopolize it. Suppose a worker undertakes to instruct "an unskilled workman," what will happen to him? He will be informed that "this Association cannot tolerate such proceedings," and will be promptly expelled. Similarly, if he employs any but specified helpers. One heinous offence is to "render any assistance or loan tools to any workman who persistently refuses to become a member of this Association."

Outside the Association, then, you cannot work. Work follows the Amalgamated's Constitution—but not too closely or in too great strength. "This Association will not tolerate any man holding more than one job." There you have, as it were, the very sheet-anchor of the Constitution. If any worker attempts to work up to the measure of his capacity, and so to earn more money than his less skilful fellows, he "shall be stigmatized as a 'black-sheep.'" In many other ways a stern watch is kept over him to prevent him from doing too much. If any "breakage" occurs in tools or machinery, he must not offer to pay for it; to do so would be to prove himself "unworthy of membership." And the worker must never go *ultra crepidam*. If a boiler or puddler puts in a "jam" or "bridge" of brick or fire-clay, he shall be fined $5; a similar fine shall be imposed on the audacious and disloyal man who shall "change pinions, crab, spindle, or crab box." And if the mistaken worker thinks to "better his condition," let him not imagine that he can claim his former job again. The Amalgamated's Constitution is almost as severe upon bettering one's condition as it is upon work itself.

Mills and mill-owners are also carefully taken in hand to see that the crime of working too much is not committed. Each mill "under the jurisdiction of this Association" has an assigned "limit of output," and if its reckless owner "violates" this, his mill shall at once be declared "black." Hours of starting and stopping are rigidly fixed. "After the crew has started, and for breakage or other cause they are stopped for one or more hours, they shall stop work at the end of eight hours from when they started." There is no end to the minute regulations like this, directing when work is to be "stopped" and when tools are to be "laid down." In short, as we have said, the whole Constitution is an elaborate system designed, first, to keep the amount of work done small, and then to distribute it among the favored few of the Association "in preference to all others" (Art. XVII., Sec. 11).

But further: "The object of this Association," says the first article of the Constitution, "shall be the elevation of the position of its members, the maintenance of the best interests of the Association, and to obtain, by conciliation or other means just and legal, a fair remuneration to members for their labor, and to afford mutual protection to members *against broken contracts*, obnoxious rules, unlawful discharge, or other system of injustice or oppression." The same principle of adherence to contracts is again laid down in Article XVII., which provides that "every member shall interest himself, individually and collectively, *in protecting his trade, and the business of all employers who recognize, negotiate, and are under contracts with this Association.*" It has rightly been considered that the arrangement of a definite basis for wages, hours of labor, and other features of employment, to cover a long period of time, is one of the greatest services which may be rendered by a labor union. It is a good thing for both employer and employee that a contract shall be made in which the obligations of both parties are set forth, and which both can be trusted to live up to. The workingman is thus protected against a sudden cut in wages, coming, perhaps, at the season of the year when a reduction of his income will be hardest to bear, and is relieved from the apprehension of any arbitrary action on the part of his employer. Any well-established concern which signs an agreement of this sort can be trusted to keep it, and it is of immense importance to the laborer to have such an assurance.

It is hardly less essential to the employer that he shall know what he can depend upon in the case of his workingmen. In the iron and steel trade, for example, contracts are made for the delivery of finished products months in advance. The manufacturer in turn can make contracts for money, for ore, for freight, and for other expenses than labor, so that he knows what all of the other ingredients than labor in the expense account will cost. He knows what labor costs him now, but it is no less important that he should know what it will cost for months to come in figuring the prices which he will make for delivering goods in the future. A contract with a union comprising his workingmen which will cover a considerable period of time, and which will be maintained by that union, furnishes the assurance of stability in cost of product which he needs.

Many employers who have resented not a few dictatorial demands on the part of a union like the Amalgamated Association have freely admitted the compensation which comes from knowing that their men will work for a number of months at a scale of wages which has been amicably fixed, and which will not be questioned until the time comes for considering its renewal. The wiser members of the Association realized the importance to their union of living up to every contract into which it might enter. Four years ago a controversy arose which led the more reckless element to advocate the breaking of an agreement which the Association had made. The President at the time (Garland by name) exerted his influence to check the movement at once, and with success. He insisted that the Association had never broken an agreement, and that it could not afford to adopt such a policy.

The feature of the present strike which distinguishes it from all other great strikes in the past, is the fact that it is based upon a breach of contract. Its leaders have admitted from the first that there was no chance of success unless they could secure the coöperation of men who could give it only by breaking solemn agreements with their employers. Every great "victory" which Shaffer hails from day to day—like that at Joliet or Milwaukee—involves the violation of an explicit contract that the men shall work a definite time for specified wages. Moreover, these breaches of agreement are the work, not of ignorant laborers of the lowest grade, who have but just formed a union and who have developed no sense of obligation, but of unusually intelligent workingmen, belonging to a body of long standing, which has come to boast of the fidelity

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with which it lived up to any agreement into which it might enter.

It is, on the whole, the most discouraging and deplorable development in the history of labor unions which we are now witnessing. Organization of workingmen has come to be accepted by the public as inevitable and desirable. Candid people admit that there may be good results for both sides in such organization. There has been a general disposition to welcome and applaud the growth of a body like the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, whose sense of responsibility and pride of character have been so often exhibited in labor disputes. It had been commonly supposed of late years that a similar growth characterized the Amalgamated Association, and public sympathy would easily have been secured for the organization in any movement based upon a just grievance.

The worst element in the present situation is the fact that the Association has made a satisfactory settlement almost impossible. The natural basis for a resumption of relations between employers and strikers would be the signing of a contract. But of what use is it for any employer to sign a new contract with a body which has just broken an old one, and which has thus shown that it recognizes no obligations in any agreement which it may make? The Amalgamated Association aims "to afford mutual protection to members against broken contracts"—contracts, that is, broken by employers. How can it protect them against the consequences which now confront them from breaking their own contracts?

A FIGHT FOR HONESTY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

It is a long time since a State Convention of either party in Pennsylvania made an inspiring appeal to the voters. The Republican organization has been absolutely dominated by Quay; the Democratic has for years been blighted by Bryanism. Even in regard to State issues, with which free silver and similar follies have nothing to do, the Opposition has been without weight or influence, because the Democratic party was controlled by a machine which maintained an almost open alliance with that of Quay. However, it is a welcome surprise to find a State Convention in Pennsylvania framing a platform and nominating a ticket which are calculated to arouse enthusiasm, as the Democrats did in their gathering at Harrisburg on Thursday. The resolutions adopted constitute the most important part of the work, and they merit national attention. No more terrible indictment of a gang of public plunderers in control of a party organization and of a State was ever framed than that contained in this platform. With rare wisdom, the Convention rose above all considerations of partisanship, brushed aside all questions of national policy, and laid the foundation for one united effort to save the honor of the State and establish common honesty and decent administration in her public affairs.

The picture which the platform presents, fearful as it is, is not overdrawn. The truth of every one of the charges is a matter of common knowledge. It is true, and known to be true, that in Pennsylvania "every department of the State government is honeycombed with profligacy, dishonesty, and reckless disregard of Constitutional and moral obligations"; that "the sanctity of law, the obligations of official oaths, and the demands of common honesty" are there thrust aside by the insatiate greed of the Republican ring for "money, money, more money." It is true, and known to be true, that in Pennsylvania, "shamelessly and openly, the votes of legislators are bought so persistently and constantly that market values for legislators have been established by settled custom." It is true, and known to be true, that the very organization of the last Legislature was founded upon the purchase of venal legislators; that "the selection of a United States Senator [Quay] was accomplished in a carnival of corruption and bribery"; that, "in the reckless determination to punish enemies and reward subservient tools, established municipal governments were ruthlessly overturned to make places for the creatures of a corrupt machine," and that "the people of other States have turned their eyes with amazement upon the spectacle presented"—amazement that the people of Pennsylvania did not long since rise in their indignation and hurl their oppressors from place and power.

Confronted by a spectacle like this, it is not wonderful that all other considerations were brushed aside, and a call was sent out to all honest citizens to unite for the redemption of the commonwealth. There is nothing vague or doubtful about the invitation. "We make the fight," the platform declares, "not as a political organization seeking a partisan advantage, but in the interest of all Pennsylvania, and will welcome a closer union with all political organizations honestly pledged to the same purposes." This is a plain proposal for fusion with the decent element among the Republicans of the State, and one which will doubtless be accepted. The nomination of Representative Palm for State Treasurer was the proper way to bring strongly before the people the issues arising out of the late Legislative session. Mr. Palm was one of the Democratic members who were never found wanting in the fight against corruption and jobbery, and who were never viewed with suspicion.

The disposition of the vexed question regarding the contesting delegations from Philadelphia was not so clear and distinct as could be desired, but, if the plan adopted is honestly and vigorously carried out, it must inevitably involve the overthrow of the Democratic ring which has controlled the party machinery in that city, and which has been again and again convicted of corrupt affiliations with the plunderers who have flourished there under the protection of the Republican machine. The creation of a Committee of Five to reorganize the Democratic party in Philadelphia was a compromise that permitted the Convention to seat the delegation which was sent by the Philadelphia ring, but which was headed by ex-Gov. Pattison, without at the same time giving the lie to the declarations of the platform. A better course would have been to throw out the ring delegates and seat the Philadelphia delegation headed by ex-Judge Gordon, but the price which the ring paid to prevent this amounted practically to abdication. Donnelly, the ringleader, was forced to retire from the Chairmanship of the City Committee and to give place to ex-Gov. Pattison; the contention against fusion had to be abandoned; Donnelly was even compelled to withdraw from the Executive Committee of the State party organization; and, besides all this, provision was made for a reorganization of the entire Democratic machinery in the city. Except the empty honor of sitting in the Convention, it is difficult to see what was left for the Donnelly-Ryan machine.

After the proceedings at Harrisburg, it certainly ought to follow that the candidacy of District Attorney Rothermel, who was refused renomination by the Republican machine in Philadelphia, and subsequently renominated by a mass-meeting of citizens, should receive the endorsement and support of the Philadelphia Democrats. Ex-Gov. Pattison has been proceeding slowly and cautiously, but he has given unmistakable evidence of favoring this union of forces, and, with the added strength derived from the State Convention, he can hardly fail to carry out this programme. If it shall be carried out, a better day is dawning for one distracted city.

Whatever the result at the polls in November, one cause for congratulation is assured. A State Convention has at last been held in Pennsylvania which revives the memories of a more honorable time in that unfortunate commonwealth, and which warrants the hope that its redemption will ultimately be achieved.

THE EDUCATION MUDDLE IN ENGLAND.

In the Parliament just prorogued no measures were more sharply debated than the Government's two bills for educational reform. It was the single instance in which the Ministry took up

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seriously a problem of internal policy the import of which transcended the session during which it was discussed. The problem of secondary education, it is fair to say, was forced upon the Ministry unexpectedly. For thirty years England had run on complacently under the Education Law passed by the Liberals in 1870. No important modification of the system then established had been made. Elective school boards maintained primary schools wherever, in the judgment of a central Board of Education, school facilities were insufficient. These board schools were virtually supported by a Government grant, and directed by the Board of Education. Besides these board schools, which, like our public schools, are non-sectarian, the Government subsidizes, at the rate of five shillings a pupil, a number of so-called voluntary schools, nearly all of which are under sectarian management. Children between the ages of 5 and 14 are almost evenly divided between these two classes of schools. In England and Wales, for example, there were in August, 1898, more than 2,000,000 children in 5,595 board schools, nearly 1,900,000 pupils in 11,815 National Society schools (under the charge of the Established Church), and a scattering of 600,000 pupils in other voluntary schools.

For secondary education England has done practically nothing. The private schools and the aristocratic "public" schools have the field to themselves. In them some 300,000 pupils, in 1898, were provided for—that is, for fifteen pupils in the primary school one continued his studies in a secondary. Various attempts to deal with this state of things in Parliament have resulted in little more than a Government inspection at the option of the schools. In Scotland, meanwhile, a special act had empowered the school boards to establish and administer the secondary schools. In Wales a special committee exercised successfully similar functions. It was the attempt of the English school boards to enlarge their scope and to provide for certain of their pupils beyond the statutory age of fifteen, that called down upon them judicial rebuke and precipitated upon an unwilling Ministry the problem of secondary education.

By the now famous Cockerton judgment, it was decided that the school boards, in maintaining certain continuation schools and night schools, in which subjects higher than those prescribed for primary schools were taught and pupils were received beyond the statutory age, had gone beyond their authority. The immediate result of the decision was to cut off the supplies of such schools, and it threatened to deprive some thousands of students of instruction.

The Board of Education had before it several possible courses: to confirm to the school boards the powers they had illegally but most naturally assumed, to place the schools whose status, under the Cockerton judgment, was impeached, in some other jurisdiction, or, finally, to launch some comprehensive project for secondary education which should include the cases immediately at issue. The easiest way out was to nullify the effect of the Cockerton judgment by legalizing, until a comprehensive measure was ready, the advance of the school boards. The most difficult was to attempt to drive a comprehensive act through a crowded and contentious session. This blunder the Ministry, trusting in its big brute majority, committed cheerfully.

Education Bill (No. 1) was an attempt to set up a new authority to deal with secondary education. Almost at random, it would appear, the City and County Councils were chosen for this important function. These overseers of highways and bridges, workhouses and asylums, race-courses and places of amusement, had never before exercised any educational function; few of them, as it appeared from an inquiry made by the London *Daily News*, wished to have anything to do with education. Their prime qualification in the eyes of the Board of Education was that they were not school boards. The bitterness of Sir John Gorst, Vice-President of the Board of Education, against the boards for which his department is answerable, would be incredible, if there were not the Parliamentary reports for it. "Are we to keep up in this House the farce that school boards are elected for educational purposes? Everybody knows that educational purposes are the very last ideas in the minds of the members of school boards. I have heard that they are elected, some on religious grounds, some on party grounds; but I have never heard of any one being elected on educational grounds." This sally of the cynical Vice-President and member from Oxford was greeted with roars of laughter; it practically killed the Education Bill.

The Liberals under Mr. Bryce rallied to form an effective Opposition, and even the Conservatives, who were under bonds to support the bill, resented the attitude of an administrative officer who flouted openly the only publicly constituted educational body in England. It was soon seen that the bill could not be passed, and it was withdrawn in favor of a short bill (No. 2), which turned over to the discretion of the City and County Councils the schools affected by the Cockerton judgment, with the understanding that a comprehensive bill would be passed at the next session of Parliament. By a liberal application of the closure, this bill passed with a greatly reduced majority.

The debates have brought out clearly certain inherent defects in the attitude of the present Government towards education. Nothing has been more clearly shown than that a large number of the Conservatives regard education for the masses with complete indifference or with profound misgiving. The feeling is still prevalent in England that there is grave danger of educating people beyond their proper stations. Quite as distinctly marked, and expressed, frankly enough by Lord Hugh Cecil, was the fear that in the extension of powers to the school boards the interests of the Established Church might suffer. Education, in the view of the Conservatives, should be as churchly as possible. It is this half-heartedness, this lack of constructive ideals, this confusion of an educational with an ecclesiastical problem that justifies, in the case of the Conservatives, those "doubts as to their competence to deal with education at all" which the Conservative *Times* says their friends feel, as well as their foes. For the partial measure which has been forced through, it is hard to foresee anything but further mischance. There is a field for that party which will raise England educationally to the rank of the other civilized nations, and the Liberals, now in rather hopeless Opposition, should some day find in the problem of secondary education the great issue they so sorely need.

CHAMBERLAIN AND KRUGER.

It was in 1886 that the late Joseph Cowen, M. P., was pointing out to a newly elected member the notabilities of the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain was speaking at the time, and of him the veteran Mr. Cowen said: "Mark that man. He is the shallowest and most complacent politician in the House of Commons. If he ever comes into power, he will do some mortal harm to the State." In the years that have passed over the old Birmingham Radical's head, he has certainly shown that he is something more than a shallow man. His extraordinary ability, both as a debater with a fatal eye for the joint in his antagonist's harness, and a supple and ready wrist to thrust at it, and as a driving man of business, even his bitterest enemies concede. He is one of the men who "do things." His Conservative colleagues all dislike him, some of them hate him, but, as one of them said the other day, "After all, if you want anything done by this Government, Chamberlain is the man to do it."

It is a fair question, however, if Mr. Cowen's prophecy has not been fulfilled, and if Mr. Chamberlain, with all his adroit talent and executive force, has not come near doing a mortal harm to England through the Boer war. It has been his war from the beginning. Another man in the Colonial Office would not have goaded the Boers into their woful ultimatum. Lord Salisbury is, of course, technically implicated. He should have kept his hand on the negotiations. That

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he did not, lends point to the witticism which was current before he finally left the Foreign Office. "How," it was asked, "does Lord Salisbury manage to combine the heavy duties of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary?" The answer was: "By impartially neglecting both." But whether by his neglect or Chamberlain's usurping push, the Boer war was the latter's affair from the first day until now. Its frightful cost—to date at least $600,000,000—its terrible loss of life, its uncovering of the military weakness of England, its lowering of British prestige in the eyes of the whole world, its devastation of South Africa, with its kindling of inextinguishable race hatred—all may be laid at the door of Joseph Chamberlain.

And what is the military situation to-day, as Parliament is prorogued, leaving everything in the hands of the Ministry? Confessedly, most unsatisfactory. Even official optimism cannot put a good face on it. Mr. Balfour admitted on Thursday that there is more serious trouble in Cape Colony than in the Transvaal or Orange River. But it was the "insult" of a Boer invasion of Cape Colony that the might of Britain was rallied to avenge nearly two years ago. To-day the Boers are still there, and the local Dutch are rising on all hands to join them. This is humiliation and reproach enough. To add to it, Mr. Chamberlain had to recall the same day his definite promise that 70,000 troops would be brought home in September. Now it is only a vague hope that they may come. So far from Kitchener's work being done, it is announced that he is to stay indefinitely. Only a fortnight ago, the South African military correspondent of the Jingo *Daily Mail* bluntly declared that the situation, all told, was fully as disheartening as when Lord Roberts took his departure.

With sober Englishmen thus acknowledging their straits, turn to the Boer view as lately given by President Kruger. The Paris *Figaro* of August 3 published a long and authorized interview with him at The Hague. Everything was broken about the recently bereaved old man except his spirit. That remains indomitable, and his confidence serene. His hope was that the English would at last tire of a war of oppression; as for the burghers, they would never tire of fighting for their liberty. Their children were already fighting; their grandchildren would fight, if necessary. This might be set down as bombast if the deeds of the Boers were not before us. As for arms and supplies, Kruger affirmed that they had never been lacking yet and would not fail. "Whenever," he said with a grim smile, "we capture a convoy intended to supply 500 Englishmen, that means supplies for 5,000 Boers." The old man was asked if he would not accept an English protectorate with local self-government. It would be impossible, he replied. Then he added with homely humor: "What is a protectorate? You seize a man, put a rope around his neck and fasten it to a nail in the wall. Then you say to him, 'Walk, your legs are not bound. Your arms are not tied, so work!' No, no. We want no rope around our necks."

On one point of military and international law, Kruger showed himself better informed than Chamberlain. He was asked what would be the effect of an offer of amnesty to the Boers. He promptly replied: "We need no amnesty; we are belligerents." Yet the recent English proclamation, threatening to deport the Boer officers unless they surrender by September 15, denies them their belligerent rights. It is, therefore, as Mr. Bryce pointed out in the House last week, contrary to the laws of war. Mr. Chamberlain's defence is, of course, the assumption that the Boer forces are no longer anything but banditti. He took great comfort (more than Americans can) in citing Gen. MacArthuur's similar proclamation in the Philippines. But that was proved by time, as the English proclamation in South Africa will no doubt also turn out, only an empty threat, harmless to those against whom it was aimed, and merely humiliating to those who stooped to make it.

Amnesty to the rebellious Dutch in Cape Colony and Natal is another matter. Great Britain can legally hang them all if it chooses—and if it can catch them. Kruger, for his part, affirms that the Boers will never accept terms of peace which do not include pardon for their race-brothers who took arms to aid them. But Chamberlain stoutly refuses amnesty to rebels. This was one of the points in which he overruled Gen. Kitchener in that officer's peace negotiations with Gen. Botha. Yet there is high English precedent, to say nothing of reason and true statesmanship, for offering the amplest amnesty to the Dutch in rebellion. The Canadian rebellion of 1837 was brought to a happy conclusion only on such terms. It was the wisdom of Lord Durham which found that road to peace in Canada; and his example has actually been urged upon the British Government by the Ministry of Cape Colony. It justly said that the Cape rebellion was of a milder type than that in Canada, the latter having been attended by "dreadful murders and outrages." But it all made no impression on the haughty Chamberlain. He was bound to make treason odious; and so he preferred to prolong an odious war which, if not a "mortal harm" to England, is yet the one event of the past hundred years which makes her friends most grieve and her enemies loudest exult.

MME. DE MAINTENON AS AN EDUCATOR

PARIS, August 8, 1901.

Under the catching title of 'Les Précurseurs du Féminisme,' M. Louis Chabaud has published an amusing, though somewhat superficial, volume on Mme. de Maintenon, Mme. de Genlis, and Mme. Campan. Feminism is just now all the fashion; an exact definition of it would probably be difficult to make, and would be made in a very different way by different people. It is, for many, an attempt to open to women all the careers now open only to men, and in consequence to give to the two sexes the same education and the same amount of liberty. In his book, M. Chabaud considers the question of education. Mme. de Maintenon, Mme. de Genlis, and Mme. Campan all three devoted much time and attention to the education of women, and their views, though somewhat dissimilar, deserve to be studied. It was, however, a surprise to me that Mme. de Maintenon should be considered and studied as a feminist. She belongs to history much less as an educator than as the inspirer, the confidante, and finally the wife of Louis XIV.; if she was not really a queen, she had more influence and power than the generality of queens ever had.

Fénelon wrote a book, 'L'Éducation des Femmes,' which is a very modest programme of feminine education.

"Teach a girl," he says, "to read and write correctly; it is shameful, but very common, to see women of intelligence and politeness unable to enunciate well what they read; they fail, also, and more discreditably, in orthography. Teach them at least to keep their lines straight in writing. It would be well, also, that a girl should know the grammar of her native language."

For centuries, the education of women was exclusively confided to nuns, who were sometimes ignorant, and who were at any rate more preoccupied with the religious than with the social part of their mission.

Molière had all the public on his side when he ridiculed the "Femmes Savantes." Well-instructed women (and there were some) were brilliant exceptions, such as Mademoiselle de Scudéry, Ninon de Lenclos, Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Grignan, Madame de Lafayette. M. Lecœur, in a book on 'Education in the 17th Century,' says justly:

"Girls were either educated in their families, where they learned nothing, or in convents, where they learned little. It was not at the Ursulines that Madame de Maintenon learned Latin, Italian, and Spanish. Her master was Scarron. Madame de Sévigné, who also knew Italian, had lessons from the Abbé de Coulanges, from Chapelain and Ménage. Madame de Lafayette had also Ménage for instructor."

The biography of Madame de Maintenon has been so often written, and by such competent writers, that there is nothing to add to it, though there are still some dark corners in her life, especially for the period of infancy and youth, when she lived almost on charity. We will here deal with her only as an educator. She was chosen by Madame de Montespan as governess of the young Duke du Maine, being then Madame Scarron. Saint-Simon tells us, in his Memoirs, that Louis XIV., who often paid visits to his natural children, did not like her at first; he tells us also how he became used to her, and finally liked her so much that he made her Marchioness de Maintenon. We will at once show her, not in the character of a governess, but as the initiator of a complete system of education. She had prepared herself for a long time for the work which she accomplished as "institutrice de la maison royale de Saint-Louis" (such are the

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words which we find in her "acte de décès"). She first interested Louiv XIV. in some schools at Montmorency, Rueil, and Noisy, but decided him in the end to form a large educational establishment in the little village of Saint-Cyr close to Versailles. A house was built by Mansard, at a great expense.

The principal affair was to give the new establishment (which had been provided with a large income by the King) its "Constitutions." They were written by Madame de Maintenon, and by Madame de Brinon, who was to be the Superior of the House, under the eyes of the King. The King wished the pupils to wear a special uniform, which was to be modest and serious, but not severe like the uniform of the nuns. A royal edict established at Saint-Cyr 36 dames and 250 demoiselles, who were to be nominated by the King, on condition that four quarters of nobility could be proved on the paternal side. The education of the demoiselles was traced in all its details by Madame de Maintenon. They got up at six o'clock, heard mass at eight, breakfasted at nine, dined at eleven; one of them read aloud during the repast. There was a recess after dinner, and there were lessons till supper-time, at six. There were no corporal punishments. The young ladies learned ancient and modern history, geography, music, drawing, Their style was formed by French composition, their memory by recitations, their pronunciation by systematic reading.

For thirty years Saint-Cyr became the constant preoccupation of Madame de Maintenon. It did not escape the danger of the theological discussions of the time, into which Madame de Maintenon was drawn by her interest in Madame Guyon and her affection for Fénelon. She was seduced for a time by what passes under the name of Quietism. This doctrine of pure love made great ravages at Saint-Cyr; but when Madame Guyon's book, the 'Maximes des Saints,' was condemned by Bossuet, by the King, and afterwards by Rome, Fénelon had to submit. Bossuet took the trouble to go himself to Saint-Cyr, to give lectures on Quietism, and to discuss the doctrine which he had been the first to denounce. Madame de Maintenon for some time stood up for Fénelon, but had to yield to the King's feelings. "She had," says M. Lavallée, in his 'Madame de Maintenon et la Maison Royale de Saint-Cyr,' "the only quarrel with him which they had during thirty years of marriage."

Madame de Brinon, the first Superior of Saint-Cyr, accustomed her pupils to recite scenes from tragedies which she composed herself. Madame de Maintenon proposed to substitute for these some of Racine's tragedies, "Iphigénie," "Andromaque." The young ladies played with great intelligence and success, so much so that Madame de Maintenon wrote to Racine: "Our young girls played 'Andromaque' yesterday, and played it so well that they will never play it again, nor any of your tragedies." She asked Racine, however, to compose, exclusively for Saint-Cyr, a piece in which the passion of love would not be prominent, and on some pious subject, with an admixture of choruses which the demoiselles could sing. Racine consented to do so, and we owe the admirable play of "Esther" to this desire of Madame de Maintenon's. The first representation took place on the 26th of January, 1689, in presence of the King, the Prince de Condé, and certain court personages. The King was so pleased that he asked for more. Madame de Sévigné was among the happy persons invited. She says that, after the performance, the King asked her if she had been satisfied; she answered: "Sire, I have been charmed; what I feel cannot be expressed." The King said: "Racine has much *esprit*." She said: "Sire, he has a great deal of it, but in truth these young persons also have much of it."

These performances opened the door of Saint-Cyr a little too wide, and, after a time, it was resolved that the demoiselles should play no more in public. It was the beginning of a reform which ended after a while in the transformation of Saint-Cyr into a regular religious community, by the imposition of perpetual vows on the dames, whose number was augmented from sixty to eighty. Madame de Maintenon, in her letters and instructions, constantly reminded them that they had one well-defined mission, which was the education of the demoiselles. She wished the latter to be educated, not with a view to a contemplative life, but to marriage. "Many religious women," she writes, "dare not pronounce the name of marriage. St. Paul was not so delicate." She returns constantly to the subject of marriage and its duties. These, for instance, are the counsels which she gives to one of the pupils at Saint-Cyr, Mademoiselle d'Osmond, who had just married the Marquis of Navrincourt:

"You have now, my dear daughter, only two things before you, to serve God and to content your husband. . . . If he is jealous, shut yourself up and see nobody; if, on the contrary, he wishes you to live in the great world, do so, though remaining as reserved as modesty demands. . . . Avoid bad company—there is nothing more dangerous. Like the presence of your husband; conceal nothing from him; in short, my dear daughter, be a good Christian, a good wife, a good mother."

In the latter part of her life Mme. de Maintenon, fatigued by the servitude of the court, found an asylum and consolation in the retreat at Saint-Cyr, "*Vive* Saint-Cyr!" she said, "notwithstanding its defects. I am better there than in any place in the world." She sometimes arrived as early as six o'clock in the morning, helped to dress the youngest pupils, spoke to all, encouraged them, and took the part of a teacher.

Louis XIV. fell very ill in August, 1715. Madame de Maintenon took care of him, night and day, during his last illness. He once said to her: "What is to become of you? You have nothing." She begged him not to think of her. The King called the Duc d'Orléans and said to him: "My nephew, I recommend to you Madame de Maintenon. You know my feelings towards her. She always gave me good advice, and I repent not having followed it. Do what she asks of you; she will not abuse the privilege." She did not abuse it, for, whatever may have been her faults, she was disinterested. She retired to Saint-Cyr after the death of the King, and said: "I will now live only for God and for my children." She herself died on the 15th of April, 1719, having spent the last years of her life in absolute retirement. She was buried in the chapel of Saint-Cyr. She had bitter enemies; a thousand pamphlets were written against her in Holland. Saint-Simon, the Princess Palatine, the mother of the Regent, speak of her with the greatest severity. Her early years exhibit her in a very unfavorable light. We must, however, place to her credit the foundation of the Institute of Saint-Cyr; we may say, also, as was once said, that she prevented Louis XIV. from becoming Louis XV.

Correspondence.

THE SUPPRESSION OF WIND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To those of us who believe in the natural conservatism and good judgment of the American workingman, it is a great satisfaction to observe that, during the deliberations held last Sunday in South Chicago on the question whether to join the strike or not, the steel-workers rigorously excluded all "orators." The windy gasbag, the tinsel rhetorician, the howling dervish of political campaigns, the cross-of-gold blatherskite, were all ruthlessly excluded—with the result that the men arrived at the eminently sensible conclusion that a contract was a contract, and that, as the other side had lived up to the contract thus far, it was their duty to do the same. In other words, the meeting was a deliberative assembly.

It will be a happy day when our politicians learn—from our workingmen—to exclude from supposedly deliberative assemblies, like Presidential nominating conventions, for instance, the professional, loud-mouthed, silver-tongued rhetorician, and to relegate him where he belongs—to the country schoolhouse and the United States Congress.

E. L. C. M.

CHICAGO, August 12, 1901.

MALAHACK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can any of your readers tell me in what parts of the United States the verb *malahack* is in use? The other day, in the village of Weld, Franklin County, Maine, a local critic of things in general came into the country store and delivered himself somewhat as follows:

"You oughter see Si Jones. He's begun peddlin' meat, and he's havin' a hard time. Got some good enough meat, too. Bought a bull calf, weighed 106 pounds dressed; tried to buy it myself a fortnight ago. But he don't know how to cut up a critter, and he's jes' malahacked it all to pieces. Anybody want any particular chunk, and he'll cut right in regardless. Ye can't sell meat if ye don't know no better than malahack it in that way. He's malahacked that stuff till it looks as if the dogs had chawed it, and nobody 'll buy it."

H. L.

WELD, ME., August 13, 1901.

Notes.

Forthcoming books from D. Appleton & Co. are 'The Eternal City,' by Hall Caine; 'Shacklett,' a story of American politics, by Walter Barr; 'Student Life and Customs,' by Prof. Henry D. Sheldon; 'An Ideal School,' by Preston W. Search; 'A Commercial Geography,' by Cyrus C. Adams; 'The Story of Books,' by Gertrude B. Rawlings; and 'Other Worlds and their Possibilities,' by Garrett P. Serviss.

A new novel by George W. Cable, 'The

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Cavalier'; 'The Ruling Passion: Tales of Nature and Human Nature,' by Henry van Dyke; 'Before the Play,' four short comedies by Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield and Edwin Howland Blashfield; and 'Government in State and Nation,' by Prof. J. A. James and A. H. Sanford, are on the fall list of Charles Scribner's Sons.

For October the Century Company promises 'Circumstance,' a novel by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; 'Mistress Joy,' joint product of Grace McGowan Cooke and Annie Booth McKinney; and 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' by Alice Caldwell Hegan—the last two books being by Southern authors. Dr. William Mason's 'Memoirs of a Musical Life,' and 'Women and the Law,' by Prof. George James Bayles, are other announcements from the same source.

G. P. Putnam's Sons' September list will embrace 'The Old English Bible, and Other Essays,' by Francis Aidan Gasquet; 'The Passing and the Permanent in Religion,' by Minot J. Savage, D.D.; 'Peter Abélard,' a biography, by Joseph McCabe; 'The Mental Functions of the Brain,' by Bernard Hollander, M.D.; 'The Science of Penology,' by Henry M. Boies; 'South Africa and the Transvaal War,' volume six, by Louis Creswicke; 'Asia and Europe,' by Meredith Townsend; 'Wales,' by O. M. Edwards; 'In Our County: Stories of Old Virginia,' by Marion Harland; 'Johnnie Courteau, and Other Poems,' by William Henry Drummond, author of 'The Habitant'; 'Sonnets and Songs,' by Mary M. Adams; 'The Stars,' by Simon Newcomb; and 'The American Armory and Blue Book,' edited by John Matthews.

Fall announcements of Henry Holt & Co. are 'The Story of the Nation's Politics,' by Viola A. Conklin; a translation of Seignobos' 'History of the Roman People,' edited by William Fairley, Ph.D.; an 'Italian and English Dictionary,' by Prof. Hjalmar Edgren, assisted by Giuseppe Bico and John L. Gerig; Goethe's Poems, edited by Prof. Julius Goebel of Leland Stanford University; 'Prose Selections from Walter Pater,' by Prof. E. E. Hale, jr.; and 'Flora of the Northern States and Canada,' by Prof. N. L. Britton.

Another volume of poems, 'In the Realms of Gold,' by Lorenzo Soso, will soon be published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco.

Much new matter will be found in the cheaper edition of the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco's 'Italian Characters in the Epoch of Unification,' in preparation by T. Fisher Unwin, London.

The romantic revival of late years should have paved the way for a fresh issue of the novels of William Harrison Ainsworth, which had their greatest vogue more than half a century ago. Perhaps there would be a clear gain in the discipline of English style if these works should supersede with the mob of readers our current historic romances. But against this must be offset the moral effect of such of Mr. Ainsworth's work as bears the Tyburn stamp. For better, for worse, he has been promoted to a "Victorian Edition" (Philadelphia: George Barrie & Son); but as this is for subscribers only, the main consideration is, after all, of the apparel in which the series is clothed. The four volumes now before us, 'Jack Sheppard,' 'The Constable of the Tower,' 'Crichton,' and 'Rookwood,' present a very comely appearance in blue cloth with white labels. Print and paper are excellent. The "history" of each is honored with a genuine portrait, and the story with etchings by numerous artists, mostly French. The designs vary considerably in merit, but the best, as in 'Jack Sheppard,' are quite in keeping with the general air of the publication. No doubt the series will make its way into private libraries, to be read more or less.

A showy book, 'Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks,' takingly illustrated with portraits, has for author Francis Gribble (London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). His preface professes an intent to write "an informal, anecdotal history" not of the lake, but of the city, "with especial reference" to eminent men of letters, residents or sojourners there. This confusion of title and object characterizes the whole performance. In the jumble, anecdote gets the lion's share, and literature the leavings. Mme. de Warens no less than Mme. de Staël is allowed two chapters, though the frail lady is not a literary landmark at all. She is lugged in as a curtain-raiser to Rousseau, whose works are scarcely in question except to invalidate the authenticity of the 'Confessions,' and who is dismissed in terms which reveal Mr. Gribble's intellectual calibre and something more: "Jean Jacques was probably a liar, and certainly a cad—a sentimental cad, which is the most exasperating kind; he kissed and told, and there is also a strong presumption that he boasted of kisses that he did not get. As a man, in short, he may be summed up as an inconsistent Diogenes playing to the gallery with a zest that almost deceived himself, but never quite able to shake off the traditions of the flunkey, or the regret that he had not been cast for the rôle of a Lothario."

We noticed recently Prof. W. J. Courthope's 'Life in Poetry: Law in Taste,' being the lectures delivered during his tenure of the Oxford professorship of poetry; now his successor, Mr. A. C. Bradley, has taken up the torch in an inaugural lecture upon 'Poetry for Poetry's Sake' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). This is an admirable little tract which should be in the hands of readers who, while they are zealous to read poetry poetically, do not dislike an occasional fructifying analysis of the field of their delight. Mr. Bradley treats his theme in a remarkably fresh and unhackneyed fashion; and in his peculiar description of a poem as "the succession of experiences—sounds, images, thoughts, emotions—through which we pass when we are reading as poetically as we can," he adopts a point of view which cannot be other than suggestive to the reader. His illustrations of the idealizing faculty of the creative imagination and of the inextricable blending of substance and form are exceptionally well chosen; and his continual insistence that poetry is poetry and not something else, is timely. Although the lecture is printed almost precisely as it was delivered two months ago, it is conspicuous for "charm and lucid order and labor of the file."

Ireland's best foot has certainly been put forward in 'Ireland, Industrial and Agricultural,' a handbook for the Irish pavilion of the Glasgow Exhibition, published by Ponsonby, Dublin. It is brought out not by any Irish authority, but by one of the many Government boards instituted for the benefit of Ireland without being dependent upon or responsible to Irish public opinion. It is an admirable compilation, doing credit to the new Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction; a beautifully printed large octavo volume of nearly 300 pages, profusely illustrated, and furnished with numerous maps and plans, but crippled in its usefulness by the want of an index. It consists of a series of essays by men masters of their subjects; and any person desirous of making himself fully acquainted with the industrial resources of Ireland should possess a copy. Under the guise of explanations of the geology of the island, we are introduced to many of its scenic beauties. In the essays on lace, the illustrations are peculiarly rich; and, in contradistinction to these gossamer emanations from the fingers of peasant girls, we have, in a concluding discourse on Belfast shipbuilding, illustrations of the *Oceanic* and *Celtic*. The book is one of permanent value, and is sold at a price which shows it has a Government Treasury behind it.

The second edition of Dr. F. W. Hewitt's 'Anæsthetics' (Macmillan) is a philosophical and practical treatise upon the modes of operation as well as of administration of the general anæsthetics. It includes pretty nearly all of the existing knowledge on that subject that is worth having. The author awards a high place to nitrous oxide, and, with every reason to support him, gives ether precedence over chloroform in general surgery except where portability, as in the field, or high atmospheric temperature, as in the tropics, reverses the order. He adheres to the dectrine that chloroform is more seriously a cardiac than a respiratory depressant, which, notwithstanding the conclusion of the Hyderabad Commission, is true. Both the physiology of anæsthesia, and, as based upon it, the sequence of the various agents for causing and maintaining insensibility, are clearly set forth, and the possible complications, with their proper treatment, are distinctly explained. In short, this is a well-written professional book of the highest grade, that may be accepted as authority on its important special subject. There is no notice of the transitory primary analgesia that is believed to occur before the stage of excitement in ether administration; and no warning of the serious medico-legal complications that may arise from subjective conditions when ether is given to women in the absence of competent witnesses. A nationalist would observe that the American Evans is mentioned as "an English dentist" in Paris, and the late Dr. Battey of Georgia becomes Batty.

We need say nothing except in praise of the splendid 'Text-Book of Physiology' edited in two volumes by E. A. Schafer, LL.D., F.R.S. (Macmillan). It is in no sense a popular presentation of modern physiology, but, as a record of the skill, intelligence, and patience in research shown by the physiologists of the world, it is a worthy successor to the six-volume text-book of Hermann, which so long held its position as a treasure-house of information for students and teachers. The present work is of composite authorship, as indeed was necessary, since no writer of to-day can profess to be an authority on all the great subdivisions of physiology; but the writers seem to have been so carefully chosen and have done their work so well that one is not conscious of serious lapses, either as regards style or mode of handling, as one passes from chapter to chapter. The close-

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ly printed pages, more than two thousand in number, are occupied rather with stating and balancing views of the many authors reported than of proving those advanced by the writers themselves, and for this reason the citation even of conclusions is impossible in a review within our limit of space. The first volume deals mainly, as the preface states, "with the chemical constitution and chemical processes of the animal body, and with those physical and chemical phenomena which are connected with the production and elaboration of the secretions and other fluids of the body. The articles in the second volume include the mechanics of the circulation and respiration, and of special muscular movements; the general physiology of muscle and nerve; the special senses; and the functions of the central nervous system." So extensive has the literature of these subjects grown that certain others, such as generation and reproduction, and the general physiology of the cell, have been crowded out, or rather have been omitted as belonging more properly in specialized works. The indices are especially full and valuable; 108 pages of fine print are devoted to the index of subjects alone, while the author index is equally voluminous.

Three quarto volumes of conspicuous utility have just issued from the Library of Congress. One is Mr. A. P. C. Griffin's 'Union List of Periodicals, Transactions, and Allied Publications Currently Received in the Principal Libraries of the District of Columbia.' This is, strictly speaking, a provisional or check list, and is to be perfected hereafter. Meantime, the broad margins, the one-side impression, and the letter paper permit of additions or corrections with pen and ink. The fifteen libraries taken cognizance of are all Government, including the Congressional Library itself and the Smithsonian Institution. The wealth of periodicals is surprising. Mr. Griffin has judiciously, we think, adopted a system of alphabetizing conformable to the first significant word in a title, so that *Evening Post*, for example, is entered under E. A different system has been employed, also, we think, judiciously, by Mr. Allan B. Slauson in his 'Check List of American Newspapers in the Library of Congress.' Here the arrangement is geographical and the sub-arrangement regards the essential and familiar name, putting *Evening Post* under P. The succeeding general index disarms all criticism by placing the same paper under both E and P. We have finally 'A Calendar of Washington MSS. in the Library of Congress,' compiled chronologically under the direction of Herbert Friedenwald, with an index forming nearly half the volume, yet purposely exclusive of names occurring in manuscripts that have been printed and are easily accessible, though briefly calendared here.

Out of Black John Street in Rotterdam—memorial in its name of a local hero who slaughtered many enemies in the Spanish fury of 1573—issues a little handbook of sixty-four pages, giving the final results of the June elections in the Netherlands, which determine Dutch policy for the next four years. The Liberal Government has been overthrown, and the allied Calvinists (Anti-Revolutionaries) and Catholics have won. The new Second Chamber—the real ruler of the kingdom—consists of one hundred members, of whom the united Clericals have 49 seats and the Liberals 27. Of a possible total of 610,198 votes, only 388,653 were polled. In many of the Roman Catholic districts, in the south, there being no opposition, no true elections were held. The superior zeal, vigilance, and self-sacrifice of the churchmen have won the day, for no vacations, indolence, or preoccupations interfered with their superb organization; and the extent of their victory has as much surprised themselves as it has disappointed those who separated Church and State. Of the other parties, the Christian-Historic holds 2 seats, the Social-Democrats 7, the Free-Anti-revolutionaries 7, and the Free Democrats 8. The victors maintain the theory of "the State subservient to the Church," professing that in the Netherlands the State grew out of the Church. That Ultramontane adherents of the Pope and strenuous upholders of the theology of Calvin and of Dordrecht can agree, when the division of the spoils is the order of the day, is improbable.

The new edition of the 'Index of Prohibited Books,' published by the Vatican Press, regarded from a literary point of view, is certainly an improvement on its predecessors, and shows that the new editor, Thomas Esser, the Secretary of the Index Congregation, has strictly obeyed the rule laid down for this revision in the "Constitution of January 24, 1897," *Officiorum ac Munerum*. A lot of old rubbish in the shape of forgotten anti-Catholic works has been omitted, and in their place a rather full list of modern writers is given. From the literature of the last ten years alone, 82 authors with 131 writings are pilloried. This favor, however, is very unevenly distributed, there being in the class named sixty Italian, forty-seven French, sixteen Spanish and Portuguese, with only four English and four German works. Strange bedfellows are found when Strauss's 'Life of Christ' is placed side by side with Reuss's edition of the Scriptures and Sabatier's 'Francis of Assisi," while Wellhausen is not on the list at all, and, still more strangely, not even Hase's 'Polemics.'

The *National Geographic Magazine* for August contains an account of a journey from Tiflis to Mt. Ararat by Esther L. Hovey, who writes pleasantly of her experiences, though with too many trivial details. The other contents are Dr. T. Williams's story of the growth of the relations of Southwestern Asia with Europe, and Mr. W. J. McGee's general description of Asia as the cradle of humanity. This is noteworthy chiefly for the confident stress which he lays upon the discovery of *Pithecanthropus erectus*.

The principal articles in the *Annales de Géographie* for July are upon the origin of the valleys of the Western Alps, and on the physical features of Morocco in explanation of an accompanying hypsometrical chart. A region in Tunis is described with references to its climate, rainfall, vegetation, and recent history, and there is a notice of the latest investigations of E. Richter, Nordenskjöld, and Prof. W. M. Davis, on the relation of fiords, Alpine valleys and lakes to glacial erosion. Attention is directed to the rapid growth of Jibutil, on the French Somali coast. An insignificant village in 1893, it is now a town of 15,000 inhabitants, 1,500 of whom are Europeans, with two hotels and a hospital. Its advantages as a port are shown by the increasing number of steamers which call at it, including those of the new Russian line from Odessa to the Persian Gulf. It has cable communication with France, and telegraph and telephone lines to Harrar and Adis Abbeba, the capital of Abyssinia, while a railway to these places is being built.

The last literary labors of Herman Grimm were devoted to a task which he had thrice before attempted and given up: a life of Raphael. The small part (one chapter and a single page of another) completed when death overtook him, is published in the current number of the *Rundschau*. Following it is a postscript of the editor, who had for nearly half a century enjoyed an almost daily intercourse with the great writer. It was as a writer of the first rank, as Dr. Rodenberg here emphatically repeats, rather than as a scholar or a professor, that Grimm has exerted an important and lasting influence, and it is significant that his earliest known publication is a translation of Emerson's 'Goethe the Author.' Later in life he acknowledged the pride he felt in belonging to the author's profession.

In an article in the *Tribuna*, the well-known littérateur Ugo Ojetti draws attention to the sad fate that seemingly is in store for the great Italian libraries, because the Government has considered it necessary to cut down the appropriations. Special attention is called to the Biblioteca Vittorio Emmanuele in Rome, which formerly had an income of 100,000 lire, but, during the past two years, has received only 56,000, and in addition has a debt of 30,000. One of the consequences is the refusal of the Italian book-dealers to furnish more works to the library, as some of their bills have been unpaid for years. Its lacunæ are becoming more and more embarrassing, especially in the periodical departments. Neither the preceding incumbents of the Cultus Ministry, Bacelli and Gallo, nor the present Nasi, have been able to do anything in the matter. On the other hand, some of the libraries under foreign control in Rome are models of their kind. Especially is this true of the collection of the Imperial German Archæological Institute, on the Capitol, which is under the management of the Pompeiian specialist August Mau, and is practically complete in its line.

—In our review of Fithian's Journal we committed two errors of fact, to which attention has been courteously drawn by the editor and another correspondent. The grave in the University grounds is not that of the young lady mentioned by Fithian, but of another bearing the same surname, a resident of the same city, Philadelphia, and apparently of similar age, who also died after a protracted illness, but in 1794 instead of 1774. The confirmation of an earlier impression which we attempted, failed, by an unaccountable oversight, in the essentials of Christian name and date. The editor is also correct in the name of John Champe Carter, which we surmised should be Edward. As has been pointed out, this Captain Carter, whose mother was Miss Sarah Champe, was a first cousin of Col. Carter of Nomini, and held a command in Col. Harrison's Virginia and Maryland Regiment of Artillery. As the book stands, it contains no error of fact, so far as we know.

—'Bird Watching,' by Edmund Selous (London: Dent; New York: Macmillan), is a study of the habits of certain British birds,

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One hardly knows whether to prize more its treasure of original observations, recorded with photographic accuracy of detail, or its suggestive philosophical conclusions, which not only lay a foundation for the psychology of birds, but trace the genesis of habits through successive stages of evolution, and even attempt to explain the origin of species. These theories are offered conservatively, and will stimulate ornithologists to pursue neglected paths. Not every one can agree with the author that the spontaneous movement of flocks of birds is due to thought-transference, and that the primal cause of a mother-bird's feigning injury to protect her young is found in epilepsy. Mr. Selous treats chiefly of family life, many of his subjects being the little-known sea birds. He describes the strained antics of rivals during courtship, the mutual amenities of married birds, and their devotion to their young. The interest of the book, however, is not merely scientific. The author's personality is original, and his style has literary charm. He is a book-lover with a crowd of book memories, that associate themselves pleasantly or whimsically with what he sees. He has an eye and an ear sensitive to beauty, and intersperses with his scientific photographs little sketches full of grace and spirit. Birds have for him a human interest, and he deplores the point of view from which such creatures, "All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces," are seen only as "specimens." The book is free from scientific technicalities, but it is not likely to become popular natural history, partly for the reasons that the details are multitudinous, and that the element of human interest is not all-pervading. Leisurely readers, however, may find, like Mr. Selous, that bird-watching is "an island of consolation" amid a sea of troubles.

—The more or less faded celebrities whom Mr. George Paston endeavors to revive in 'Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century' (Dutton) are three ladies of rank and fashion, one of humbler station but better fame, a playwright, a bookseller, and a lover. These meet on the common ground of having written about themselves. James Lackington (who is in luck just now, being celebrated by Mr. Marston also) is admitted to represent trade; the others had "advantages." Mrs. Grant of Laggan is remembered on both sides the sea for her books, and Richard Cumberland had a place, such as it was, in the literature of his day. If not a wit, he was the cause of wit in others, as when Scott mentioned his "comedies at which we have cried, and tragedies at which we have laughed," and Horace Walpole called his revised "Timon of Athens" "marvellously well done, for he has caught the manners and diction of the original so exactly that I think it is full as bad a play as it was before he corrected it." John Tweddell (1769-99), of whom much was expected, produced little beyond interminable letters to Isabel Gunning: most of them are fortunately lost. Of the court ladies, by far the most memorable is Elizabeth Berkeley, Countess of Craven and Margravine of Anspach, whose wanderings and adventures are here recalled. The charm which this emancipated woman exercised so long and so widely, deserted her when she touched a pen; her memoirs, according to Mr. Paston, are as dull as unveracious. Her colossal self-esteem, he says, would have kept her happy had her career been less successful. Yet its commencement was most unpromising; being puny and weak, she "was left neglected on a chair by her mother's bedside," where a visiting aunt almost sat down upon her. Mr. Paston is a pleasant writer and a skilled compiler, who frankly caters to gossip-lovers, and has the patience to toil through obsolete volumes of egotism for such scraps as may suit a modern taste. One of his best anecdotes comes through Lady Craven from an aged Polish lady, who knew Marlborough at The Hague: "He was so stingy that . . . his black silk stockings . . . were darned with white thread." Another was preserved by Cumberland of Lord Sackville: "He had a habit of standing up in sermon-time to review the congregation and awe the idlers into decorum," *à la* Sir Roger de Coverley; and once, "to encourage a very young preacher," he cried out, "Well done, Harry!"

—Dr. Alfred Hodder's 'Adversaries of the Sceptic' (London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan) is an extremely brilliant and incisive criticism of some widely prevalent views of Professor Royce and Mr. Bradley. Dr. Hodder poses as a philosophical skeptic, and is a valiant champion of the moment of experience, the "specious present," beyond which nothing is certain, either in metaphysics, logic, or ethics. In the glare of his paradoxes his adversaries certainly appear in an uninviting light, but whether he himself succeeds in substituting any tenable construction is not so clear. Before this could be admitted, it might be necessary to call upon Dr. Hodder—under penalty of having all his indignant appeals for logical purity disallowed—to construct a new logic, which he would accept as cogent in place of that to which he will grant only "psychological cogency," and to consider more carefully than he has done whether the flaws in the "illogic" of postulation which he denounces, might not be cured by a more complete adoption of this very principle. If in these respects he himself provokes skepticism, he should ascribe this doubt in part to the fact that he has not unfrequently shown greater anxiety to display his own cleverness than to advance the solution of his problem; in part to his neglect to provide a final summary of his argument and of the resulting situation. In spite, however, of these reservations, Dr. Hodder's book may be recommended to all who have a taste for dialectical discussions and excellence of style, as one of the most stimulating and enjoyable that have appealed to the philosophic public in recent years.

—A new and enlarged edition of Professor Sohm's 'Institutes' has been issued by the Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde). In the nine years since the publication of Mr. Ledlie's first English version, five editions of this work have appeared in Germany. From the latest of these Mr. Ledlie has made the present translation, and Professor Grueber of Munich, formerly of Oxford, has again revised the book and written an introduction. This second edition differs considerably from the former. Under the new Civil Code of the German Empire, which came into force on January 1, 1900, Roman private law, which had been the common law of Germany ever since the famous Ordinance of 1495, has become in German practice a thing of the past. A study of Roman law as such, will, therefore, in future occupy only an introductory place in German legal instruction. Professor Sohm aims at furnishing all the knowledge required by the student under the new system; hence several of the changes that he has made. He has added an excellent chapter on the fates of the Roman law since the completion of the Corpus Juris, thus bringing down to date the admirable historical sketch of that law which now fills about one-sixth of the volume. Since the last English edition some notes have also been added, and portions of the text have been entirely rewritten in the light of recent research. The book is a valuable contribution to the English literature of the subject, because it gives the marrow of the best authorities, and combines a history of the development of Roman law with its presentation as a complete and full-grown system. The short introduction by Professor Grueber explains the relation of the Civil Law to the new German Code, but unfortunately omits the interesting discussion, which he gave in 1892, of the influence of Vacarius, Bracton, and others in importing Roman law into England. Illustrative Latin texts are again introduced in such a way as not to interfere with the flow of the narrative, and the clearness and beauty of the style are a feature of this edition, as of the earlier.

—An important original work from another Oxford pen, which has just appeared at the same press, is Mr. A. H. J. Greenidge's treatise on 'Legal Procedure of Cicero's Time.' He is the first English writer to deal fully with this important topic. The book is, therefore, sure to be welcomed, not only by scientific workers in Roman law, but by the many classical students who must need an adequate key to the legal allusions with which Cicero abounds. Such allusions are not, indeed, always to questions of procedure, and often concern substantive law. But a full exposition of the mode of asserting rights necessarily involves much elucidation of the nature of the rights asserted, and in the four orations of Cicero which it is hopeless to understand without a legal commentary, the questions of procedure are practically the only stumbling-blocks. These orations are separately dealt with in an appendix. It is a pity that the list there given of writers who have discussed these speeches is by no means complete, and especially that no notice is taken of the very recent work in that particular line of Prof. Emilio Costa of Bologna. The policy of the author throughout is to refer almost exclusively to Cicero, and very sparingly to the modern civilians, a course which the dictates of space may perhaps have imposed. But in the case of Criminal Procedure, which occupies the latter division of the work, it is to be regretted that the references to Mommsen's recent and monumental 'Strafrecht' could not have been more copious. For instance, the "vital question" (p. 380) whether special *quaestiones* ever excluded appeals to the people is passed without an allusion to Mommsen's peculiar explanation. The whole book, however, both in style and in matter, reflects great credit on the Oxford School of Civil Law. Despite the opinion of the late Mr. E. J. Phelps that the Roman differs fundamentally from the English law—a statement true only in a constitutional sense—and notwithstanding the "immensity of ignorance" which Maine's arguments of fifty

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years back have but partially dispelled, the English study of Roman jurisprudence is visibly progressing. So original and thorough a book is a striking mark of that progress.

—The education of the Eastern peoples is a question of the first importance whose difficulties are just beginning to be recognized. Till recently missionaries and teachers have worked on the principle that all men were substantially alike, and therefore should be taught the same truths by similar methods the world over. The fallacy of this principle has been demonstrated by the experience of the English in India. The three Indian universities, founded in 1857, have apparently been conducted on the same general lines as the English universities, with the result that "the university training which culminates in a Calcutta degree seems elaborately devised to emphasize and exaggerate the natural weaknesses of the Bengali intellect and character." Lord Curzon, the first of the Viceroys to do so, has called attention to this practical failure, in some striking speeches in which he has urged a radical reform of the whole system. It is found that, just as the Chinese learn by heart the ethics of Confucius, the Brahman the Vedas, the Arab the Koran, so the Indian Babu simply memorizes the fundamental facts and truths underlying Western education "without even attempting to give any intelligent study to their meaning." His learning is but a tool which he uses to make a living, and has not become a part of his intellectual and moral nature. The proposed reform of the educational system will no doubt be greatly aided by the ethnographical survey of India about to be undertaken by the Government. Its results will be helpful far beyond the boundaries of the peninsula, for in the number and variety of its races it is, as it were, a miniature world. A noted Indian official once stated that a traveller in going from Bombay to Calcutta passes through more peoples, and more difference in language, customs, and religious beliefs, than one who goes from Constantinople to London. The bringing out by means of the survey of the racial characteristics of each people, their habits of thought, their superstitions, aspirations, and the truths and facts of nature which most influence them, will prove of inestimable value to the intelligent teacher or missionary who labors among them or similar peoples.

RECENT VERSE.

For an arch-champion of conventional civilization Mr. Meredith has a surprising amount of wildness in his veins. The first of the three poems that make up 'A Reading of Life' (Scribners) is all in praise of Artemis, the Huntress, who is the spirit visible of untamed living and the incarnation of the delights of outlawry. The splendid vigor and picturesqueness of Mr. Meredith's description of life in the open, of the joys of exquisite savagery, are such as our younger generation of praisers of mere vagabondage and pseudo-savagery have hardly attained to.

> "Through the water eye of night,
> Midway between eve and dawn,
> See the chase, the rout, the flight
> In deep forest; oread, faun,
> Goat-foot, antlers laid on neck;
> Ravenous all the line for speed.
>
> See yon wavy sparkle beck
> Sign of the Virgin Lady's lead.
> Down her course a serpent star
> Coils and shatters at her heels;
> Peals the horn exulting, peals
> Plaintive, is it near or far.
>
> Pride of flesh from bondage free,
> Reaping vigor of its waste,
> Marks her servitors, and she
> Sanctifies the unembraced."

Nor have the singers of lawless love any poems to offer in which the ecstasy of passion is more superbly celebrated than in Mr. Meredith's "With the Persuader," his second 'Reading of Life.' Mr. Meredith certainly knows the art of keeping what is quintessential in savagery; he has not let civilization get the better of him. Yet, unlike our modern shrill bourgeois rebels, he is, after all, never faithless to civilization, or a renegade to the arts and sciences. A certain fierce joy in the reckless self-assertion of the chase—whatever the covey—that is our heritage from the beast, a priceless heritage, the inexhaustible source of the diversified energy that does the work of the world. But the recklessness of the self-assertion must be tamed; and, even in his hymn to Passion, Mr. Meredith makes it clear that Beauty's Queen, in spite of the delicious madness of which she knows the secret, is nevertheless the Goddess of the Garden, not of the Forest; she—the Persuader—is the earliest of the powers that civilize man. "Beauty draws him with a *single hair" out of the Forest of Arden* toward the regions of domesticity and permanent rights of property. In the third 'Reading of Life,' the "Test of Manhood," Mr. Meredith traces imaginatively man's progress from within hearing distance of "the primal brute" to life as we know it—"this thing we see"—which, on the whole, he seems optimistically to regard as "salvation."

Noteworthy throughout is the transfigured Naturalism of Mr. Meredith's mood, his reconciliation of wildness and worldly wisdom. He has come to terms with the Nature of the evolutionists. We hear nothing of Nature "red in tooth and claw," though the poet does not for a moment blink Nature's "savage riddles" or "iron laws." Yet surely man is, after all, her best-beloved:

> "But is he rightly manful in her eyes,
> A splendid bloodless knight to gain the skies,
> A blood-hot son of Earth by all her signs,
> Desireing and desireable he shines;
> As peaches, that have caught the sun's uprise
> And kissed warm gold till noonday, even as vines.
> Earth fills him with her juices, without fear
> That she will cast him drunken down the steeps.
> All woman is she to this man most dear;
> He sows for bread, and she in spirit reaps:
> She conscient, she sensitive, in him;
> With him enwound, his brave ambition hers:
> By him humaner made."

In such passages as these Mr. Meredith is as loyal to the Nature of the evolutionists as Wordsworth was to the transmogrified Nature of the transcendental idealists. And what makes Mr. Meredith as a poet so immensely worth while to many readers is the fact that he never conquers through a lie, or wins his transfiguring glamour through a romantic fallacy.

Mr. Lysaght, in his 'Poems of the Unknown Way' (Macmillan), has perhaps been rather too obvious and downright in declaring his loyalty to science and the actual. Part I. of his book is given to Romance, and Part II. to Repentance. Part I. is the record of a quest after novel sensations in the South Seas in Stevenson's wake. Part II. is a "Ritual"—a Positivistic confession of faith. The raptures of Part I. are hardly reckless enough to need the vast deal of moralizing vouchsafed in Part II.; the bread is in excess of the sack. Many of the poems of Part II. read like Positivistic sermons from Fleur-de-lis Court turned into hexameters. Yet, on the whole, Mr. Lysaght's verse has much charm and shows no little power. Even in the midst of the Comtean droning one comes upon such genuinely lyric passages as the following:

> "O green earth! little heart of warm life! little wanderer
> In the vast spaces unknown and eternal and fathomless!
> O little sunlighted wanderer in the wide wilderness!
> Thou art our home! We look round and consider our dwelling-place;
> Ponder the pictures of life and mutation, and wakefulness,
> Gathered in one little world, the strange tidings of destiny
> Told by an hour of time. Of thy dust we are fashioned,
> Nursed in thy shelter, and no other home may we look upon."

The poems of Part I., "The Unknown Shore," are full of rich color-effects, mysterious perspectives over vast waterways, and in general of finely imaginative interpretations of "the ocean's azure hieroglyph" and "the old sweetness of the earth."

Sir Lewis Morris's latest volume, 'Harvest Tide' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), offers to his admirers much that they will characteristically admire; nor can even the unbelieving outsider wholly resist the good feeling that pervades the poems, their courtly graciousness of manner, and their single-hearted interest in the things that are best worth while. The poem that comes nearest to distinction of style—perhaps it echoes Christina Rossetti—is

FROM DAWN TO EVE.

> The swift dawn groweth,
> The frail flower bloweth,
> Solemn Eve brings her shades,
> The sweet blossom fades;
> This is the secret of the ancient Earth,
> This is the primal mystery of birth.
>
> Full noon rides on high
> Through the shadowless sky,
> Black clouds gather round,
> Fanged with fire, big with sound;
> This is the tale of Life, portentous, strange,
> Chequered with pain, the sport of Time and Change.
>
> The fountain upspringeth,
> The strong pinion wingeth,
> The weak waters sink down,
> And the tired bird has flown;
> This is in brief the tale of the breathing of breath,
> This is the sum of man's story from Birth unto Death.

All the foregoing poets take their subjects from real life or the regions of accepted theory. Not so Mr. W. B. Yeats, in 'The Shadowy Waters' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), and the author of 'The Soul of Osiris,' whose name is given as Aleister Crowley. Both are contemners of the commonplace, wilful and audacious dreamers. Mr. Yeats has certainly learned the trick of the fourth dimension. Very easily and surely and with no flourish of conjuring phrases, he dissolves the world of literal fact, puts an end to the tyranny of those every-day objects and forms of experience which our practical needs have taught us one and all to shape for ourselves with eye and ear, relieves us from the obsession of the commonplace, and makes us free of a new heaven and a new earth where, after all, we seem at once to be breathing native air:

> "How shall I name you, immortal, mild, proud shadows?
> I only know that all we know comes from you,
> And that you come from Eden on flying feet.
> Is Eden far away, or do you hide
> From human thought, as hares and mice and coneys
> That run before the reaping-hook and lie
> In the last ridge of the barley. Do our woods
> And winds and ponds cover more quiet woods,
> More shining winds, more star-glimmering ponds?
>
> "Is Eden out of time and out of space?
> And do you gather about us when pale light
> Shining on water and fallen among leaves,
> And winds blowing from flowers, and whirr of feathers
> And the green quiet, have uplifted the heart?"

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These lines are part of the proem. The story that follows tells of the fates of Forgael, the harper, and the captive Queen Dectora—the scene of the drama being the deck of a galley in some remote sea-region. Forgael, the visionary, is seeking an unknown good—a more than mortal love—in "the holy woods" beyond "the streams where the world ends," where

> "Love is made
> Imperishable fire under the boughs
> Of chrysoberyl and beryl and chrysolite,
> And chrysoprase and ruby and sardonyx."

His sailors bring before him Dectora, whom they have captured from a passing galley, and she, waking at length from the enchanted sleep that had fallen on her as she listened, at first unwillingly, to Forgael's harping, welcomes him with unsealed eyes:

> "I know you now, beseeching hands and eyes.
> I have been waiting you. A moment since
> My foster-mother sang in an old rhyme
> That my true-love would come in a ship of pearl
> Under a silken sail and silver yard,
> And bring me where the children of Aengus wind
> In happy dances, under a windy moon."

But Forgael will not turn from his mystic quest:—

> "The love of all under the light of the sun
> Is but brief longing, and deceiving hope,
> And bodily tenderness."

Then Dectora, after much sweet, womanly pleading for the human and the earthly, chooses to go with Forgael, though it be toward death; she cuts the rope that binds them to the other galley, and they two alone drift away over the "shadowy waters":

> "(*She kneels beside him and puts her arms about him.*)
> "Bend lower, O King,
> O flower of the branch, O bird among the leaves,
> O silver fish that my two hands have taken
> Out of a running stream, O morning star
> Trembling in the blue heavens like a white fawn
> Upon the misty border of the wood.—
> Bend lower, that I may cover you with my hair,
> For we will gaze upon this world no longer.
> (*The harp begins to murmur of itself.*)
>
> FORGAEL.
>
> The harp-strings have begun to cry out to the eagles."

This is one way into Dreamland. Aleister Crowley, in 'The Soul of Osiris' (London: Kegan Paul), reveals what seems to him an even more excellent way. He calls his volume with its four books "a History"—the history, evidently, of a very modern spirit as it has passed from the rule of the bodily senses and Baudelaire to the most exalted moods of mysticism. "Man's approach to God is regulated by the strictest laws, and follows a true mathematical curve"—these words from Mr. Thorold Rogers's Introduction to the 'Dialogue of St. Catherine' might well serve as a motto for 'The Soul of Osiris'; and the rationale of the transformation might be summed up in these other words of Mr. Rogers's:

> "The desire for ecstasy is at the very root and heart of our nature. . . . Human life is informed at every stage by this desire for ecstasy, of self-escape into something higher. Mysticism alone affords to those favored beings who are competent in brain and will for its ardors a true and lasting realization of this desire. Neither the sensual nor the sentimental life can do so, for nature or society constantly throws us by illnesses or laws on the hither or farther side of its perfect realization."

'The Soul of Osiris' begins with a Prologue, "Obsession," addressed to Charles Baudelaire. Book I., "The Court of the Profane," is given over to the more or less symbolical portrayal of a life of surrender to the senses. Book II., "The Gate of the Sanctuary," portrays the struggle between the senses and the spirit. Book III., "The Holy Place," describes the soul's earliest moments of triumph. Book IV., 'The Holy of Holies," is the imaginative record of typical phases of mystical ecstasy. The depth and volume and the passionate intensity of the feeling in many of these poems are unmistakable, as are also the frequent richness and visionary splendor of the imagery and the aptness and transfiguring power of the rhythms. But equally clear is the fact that the usual faults of the mystical imagination are already hurting the poet's work. We all know what happened to the transcendently beautiful lyrical genius of Blake. Aleister Crowley should keep a copy of the 'Prophetic Books' next the whipcord scourge in his anchorite's cell. Already the world that he bodies forth in his verse is too often merely a clotted mass of wilful emotional symbols.

That this need not be so, such stanzas as the following from "Jezebel" prove beyond cavil:

> "A lion's mane, a leopard's skin
> Across my dusty shoulders thrown;
> A swart, fierce face, with eyes where sin
> Lurks like a serpent by a stone.
> A man driven forth by lust to seek
> Rest from himself on Carmel's peak.
>
> "A prophet with wild hair behind,
> Streaming in fiery clusters! Yea,
> Tangled with vehemence of the wind,
> And knotted with the tears that slay:
> And all my face parched up and dried,
> And all my body crucified.
>
> "Ofttimes the Spirit of the Lord
> Descends and floods me with his breath;
> My words are fashioned as a sword,
> My voice is like the voice of death.
> The thunder of the Spirit's wings
> Brings terror to the hearts of kings."

This is plastic enough, and so is the entire long narrative poem of which it is a part—plastic and immensely dramatic. Other poems show the same qualities. Of the mystical ardor that finds often beautiful and often wearisomely vague and wordy expression in the later poems, the following stanzas may stand as representative:

> "O guardian of the pallid hours of night!
> O tireless watcher of the smitten noon!
> O sworded with the majesty of light,
> O girded with the glory of the moon!
> Angel of absolute splendor! Link of mine
> Old weary spirit with the All-Divine!
>
> "Ship that shalt carry me by many winds
> Driven on the limitless ocean! Mighty sword
> By which I force that barrier of the mind's
> Miscomprehension of its own true lord!
> Listen, and answer, and behold my brow
> Fiery with hope! Bend down and touch it now!
>
> "Press the twin dawn of thy desirous lips
> In the swart masses of my hair; bend close,
> And shroud all earth in masterless eclipse,
> While my heart's murmur through thy being flows,
> To carry up the prayer, as incense teems
> Skyward, to those immeasurable streams!"

No one who reads such poems as these, and in addition the strangely visionary "Nameless Quest," the sonnet to Allan Macgregor, and "The Rosicrucian," can doubt that this poet is authentic and will reveal to the world much new beauty, unless his eye be dizzied and his brain distraught by the raptures of Mysticism.

Two other volumes of English verse are in their way interesting. Mr. Arthur E. J. Legge, though often the victim of the conventional phrase and the overworn epithet, pipes now and then a delightful stave. Witness in his 'Town and Country Poems' (London: David Nutt) his

> SKYLARK IN FOG.
>
> Imprisoned soul, look up. The shrill, tumultuous sound
> Whirling, aspiring
> Strangely through these dark folds wherein all eyes are bound,
> Thy hope is firing.
>
> Darkened as ours, the sight of such brave songster halts,
> With no discerning
> Of that transparent dome for whose illumined vaults
> Veiled hearts are yearning.
>
> He, poet, fool, who leaves the path of cautious birds,
> Lost in the dun light,
> Chasing a phantom thought through the vague mist of words,
> Soars for the sunlight."

Mr. George Francis Savage-Armstrong, evidently a facile craftsman, offers the public in his 'Ballads of Down' (Longmans) a stocky volume of 359 pages. The worst that can be said of him is that he often writes like a belated Southey or a Burns *manqué*. On the other hand, some of his poems show considerable power of a rather conventional sort. Landor's well-known lines,

> "We go; and 'Is he gone?'
> Is all his best friends say,"

appear in an interesting peasant version in the stanzas called

> DEATH AND LIFE.
>
> "Puir Wully is deed!"—"O, is he?"—
> "Ay, cau'd in his coffin he's leein'!"—
> "Jist noo A em muckle tae busy
> Tae trouble me heed aboot deein';
> There's han's tae be got fur the reaplu';
> We're gaun tae the wark in the murn;
> An' A'm thinkin' the rain 'ill come dreepin',
> The-night, an' destroyin' the curn."

Mr. Sheridan Ford is presumably an American domiciled in Paris. At any rate, he knows his French salons and studios, and he has had the rather happy idea of ticketing off contemporary artists in a series of epigrams ('The Art of Folly'; Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.). At times, he phrases very prettily and wickedly, as where he speaks Byronically of the subjects of the paintings in the official Salon as "Butchered to make a bourgeois holiday"; or describes Monticelli as "A blithe contortionist in color-rhyme"; or says of Bastien-Lepage:

> "Far-ruling Bastien won a brittle fame
> By modern methods and a kodak aim.
> . . . . . .
> Countless disciples awful failures breed,
> And a bad Bastien 's very bad indeed."

Unluckily, Mr. Ford seems to have no sure ear for the concert pitch of satirical verse:

> "Claude Monet uses with essential ease
> The basic method of the Japanese."

Possibly; but Mr. Ford should not fancy that, in telling us this, he is writing poetry. He should give his days and nights to Alexander Pope, and learn the art of tightening up every line of satire till it vibrates.

That Mr. Madison Cawein has a temperament, the most grudging critic must concede. He has, too, an eye, an ear, a vocabulary, and even an imagination, albeit a fussy one. This is a very decent poetical outfit. What seems best in his present volume, 'Weeds by the Wall' (Louisville: J. P. Morton & Co.), are his vivid impressionistic sketches of certain rather extravagant or fantastic aspects of nature. "Drouth" is one of his most successful sketches of this sort, but too long to quote. The following stanzas from "Sunset and Storm" represent him, perhaps not unfairly:

> "Deep with divine tautology,
> The sunset's mighty mystery
> Again has traced the scroll-like West
> With hieroglyphs of burning gold:
> Forever new, forever old,
> Its miracle is manifest.
>
> "Time lays the scroll away. And now,
> Above the hills a giant brow
> Night lifts of cloud; and from her arm,
> Barbaric black, upon the world,
> With thunder, wind, and fire, is hurled
> Her awful argument of storm."

Mr. Cawein's pet vice is quaintness both of mood and of speech, and this quaintness, together with his trick of swooning pictur-

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esquely over trifles, seems likely to insure him vogue in the magazines. He may well be on his guard against the pathetic fallacy, against overworking the word "some," and in general against maltreating the President's English. To speak of the winds as *brooming* this or that, of *rivered* blue, and of *languaging* a mystery, is little short of playing ducks and drakes with Webster.

Many of the characteristics of Mr. Moody's 'Masque of Judgment' reappear in his new volume of miscellaneous Poems (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). There is often the same luxuriant symbolism, the same richness of imagery, the same fine sense of the value of rhythm and tone-color. There is in many of the poems the same almost extravagant sensuousness, redeemed, nevertheless, by a sincere and at times even exalted delight in the things of the spirit. Nature, too, in this new volume is often as daringly unreal as in the 'Masque'—as mystically overcast with shadow or suffused with visionary loveliness:

"Hark, where the deep feels round its thousand shores
To find remembered respite, and far drawn
Through weed-strewn shelves and crannies of the coast
The myriad silence yearns to myriad speech."

. . . . . .

"Once at a simple turning of the way
I met God walking; and although the dawn
Was large behind Him, and the morning stars
Circled and sang about his face as birds
About the fieldward morning cottager,
My coward heart said faintly, 'Let us haste!
My grows and it is far to market-town.' "

Such passages as these recall the 'Masque' very closely in idiom and movement. No less interesting, and on some accounts even more pleasant to note, are the points in which the new poems differ from the earlier volume. There is certainly great gain in directness of human sympathy and in the power to find beauty in the commonplace, or to interpret feelings that are in widest commonalty spread. Doubtless, Mr. Moody is still experimenting here; neither his sense of poetic values nor his methods are sure. He sometimes overinterprets, forces the note, grows strident, verges on a fit of the nerves—as, for example, in the "Troubling of the Waters," where, to put it brutally, he seems gunning among the poor and lowly for poetic game. The "Menagerie," too, suggestive and far-reaching as is its motive, and deliciously humorous as are some of the verses and stanzas, is unmistakably amateurish; the wabbling of the imaginary speaker's language from godlike eloquence to gutter *argot* is greater than even the fumes of his much bad whiskey can account for. In "The Brute," on the other hand, Mr. Moody goes straight, from start to finish. It is a superbly successful defence of that age of machinery which lackadaisical votaries of archaic beauty have so often inveighed against. First, the Brute—the machine incarnate—duly makes his boast of his wreckage of human life and of Nature; then "a still and pleasant voice" takes the word away from him, recites with much finely imaginative detail all the good that the Brute is even now doing in spite of himself, and prophesies that "he must work men out salvation ere they send him back to hell":

"All the desert that he made
He must treble bless with shade,
In primal wastes set precious seed of rapture and of pain;
All the strongholds that he built
For the powers of greed and guilt—
He must strew their bastions down the sea and choke their towers with silt;
He must make the temples clean for the gods to come again,
And lift the lordly cities under skies without a stain."

So the prophetic voice runs on, unriddling the future of the Brute, till finally it makes the happy forecast that

"at the last day,
They will whistle him away,
Lay a hand upon his muzzle in the face of God, and say,
'Honor, Lord, the Thing we tamed!
Let him not be scourged or blamed.' "

So the Brute

"comes to his own,
'Twixt the Lion and the Eagle, by the armpost of the Throne."

This is all extremely good, and the entire poem is admirable alike in insight and in technique; the tone and the idiom and the imaginative color are just what they should be and are perfectly maintained.

In this same class of poems that interpret themes taken direct from daily life, are the poems on the war in the Philippines. Too often such poems are mere rhymed rhetoric; Mr. Moody's are not; their rich symbolism marks them as works of creative imagination. In these and in the very remarkable poem "The Daguerreotype"—a poem too personal and sacred in its subject to endure random criticism—Mr. Moody probably reaches his highest level. One last word may be said as to the echoes in his verse; surely he should be on his guard here. "The Daguerreotype" unmistakably suggests Mr. Francis Thompson; so does "The Bracelet of Grass," which, indeed, in its first stanza reproduces with hardly a change of vibration the lyrical movement of Mr. Thompson's "Dream-Tryst." "Harmonics" in its sestette is Rossetti exact; a "Grey Day" has the imaginative mood and color of Rossetti's "Even So," and "Faded Pictures" is in Browning's dialect from first to last. It may be gladly conceded, however, that, with one exception, these are Mr. Moody's slighter poems, and that he seems to be continually growing surer and more independent, both in the play of his imagination and in the movement of his rhythms.

Probably the best known of Dr. Weir Mitchell's poems in the new volume of 'Selections' (Macmillan) is the dramatic narrative, "François Villon"; and justly so. For, in spite of the charm of his occasional verse and the beauty of some of his lyrics, Dr. Mitchell's imagination seems at its best when dealing with life in its full scope, with life wrought out in deeds, with action and incident and character and the play and counterplay of human wills. "François Villon" is remarkable for its union of qualities not easily reconciled. As a narrative it is forthright and swift; its external details are rich and picturesque; its incidents are highly dramatic, and the final situation is one of great power and pathos; and yet, in spite of all this dash and display, the characterization is close, subtle, and complete. The poem tells the supposititious details of the death of François Villon—the spokesman being the Seigneur de Luce, a debonairly reprobate French noble. De Luce had bought rhymes from the "poet-thief," Villon, and had won with them a certain fantastic fair lady, Isabeau, and had married her. She soon finds out that the rhymes were Villon's, and grows scornful of her lord. At length, on a moonlight evening, De Luce comes on a man under her window:

"And suddenly a hand of mastery swept
The zittern,' and a whining love song leapt.
Ah! but too well knew I the song he sang;
I smiled to think it was his last. It rang
Mad chimes within my head. 'Now then,' I cried,
'A dog-life for a love-life!' Quick aside
My poet cast his zittern, drew his sword,
Tried as he stood his footing on the sward,
And laughed—he ever laughed—and laughing said,
'Before we cut two throats and one is dead,
And talk gets quite one-sided, let me speak.' "

Then follows a gay tirade, full of bravado, whim, and wit, and full also of Villon's audacious pride in his genius as a poet. First he vindicates the fair Isabeau; he has never even looked on her face, though true it is that his singing of the rose has made him "rose-hungry." Then he gives rein to his mad whim and his pride as a poet:

" 'But if you live or I, where'er she bide,
One François Villon walketh by her side.
Kiss her! Your kiss? It will be I who kiss.
Yea, every dream of love your life shall miss
I shall be dreaming ever!'

. . . . . .

"The rapier clash
Went wild a minute; then a woman's cry
Broke from the hedge behind him, and near by
Some moonlit whiteness gleamed. He turned, and I,
By heaven! 'twas none too soon, I drove my sword
Clean through the peasant dog, from point to guard,
And held her as I watched him. Better men
A many have I killed, but this man!—Then
He staggered, reeling, clutched at empty air
And at his breast, and pitching here and there
Fell, shuddered, and was dead.

"By Mary's grace,
The woman kneeling kissed the dead dog's face."

To throw all the stress, as this summary does, on the final situation, distorts the narrative badly; the subtle interblending of humor and pathos and wild fantastic idealism in Villon's character that gives much of its charm to the poem, and that all comes to the reader half contemptuously through the cynical, well-bred, swaggering speech of De Luce, almost disappears. But even this summary must in some measure demonstrate Dr. Mitchell's power of swift, suggestive, and dramatic narration and of close characterization.

Of Dr. Mitchell's lyrics, the most beautiful is doubtless the "Ode on a Lycian Tomb," which stands first among the 'Selections.' It is exquisitely tender in mood and melody, summoning up a series of images and pictures all touched with a chastened and pathetic light that is yet not sad or dim, and all defined with a sureness of plastic outline and a certainty of phrase that Dr. Mitchell by no means invariably attains in his lyrics:

" Ah me! in death asleep; how pitiful,
If in that timeless time the soul should wake,
To wander heart-blind where no years may dull
Remembrance, with a heart forbid to break.—
Dove of my home, that fled life's stranded ark,
The sea of death is shelterless and dark.

" Cold mourner set in stone so long ago,
Too much my thoughts have dwelt with thee apart.
Again my grief is young: full well I know
The pang reborn, that mocked my feeble art
With that too human wail in pain expressed,
The parent cry above the empty nest!

" 'Come back,' I cried. 'I may not come again.
Not islandless is this uncharted sea;
Here is no death, nor any creature's pain,
Nor any terror of what is to be.
'Tis but to trust one pilot; soon are seen
The sunlit peaks of thought and peace serene.' "

Of his other lyrics, the most memorable are "The Mother," "Evening," and "A Prayer." "The Mother" is a remarkably courageous vindication of sorrow and tragic suffering by one whose profession must have made him close witness of much that is most inexplicably horrible in human fate. "Evening" is a lyric of prospective leave-taking of life, possibly suggested by Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar"—simpler and less ornate than the latter, and not so sure in its workmanship, if more direct in its sincerity of phrase. Very impressive, also, through its exalted sincerity and through its severe simplicity of diction—a severity

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and a simplicity that certainly have in them much of grandeur—is the poem called

A PRAYER.

Almighty God! eternal source
Of every arm we dare to wield,
Be Thine the thanks, as Thine the force,
On reeling deck or stricken field;
The thunder of the battle hour
Is but the whisper of Thy power.

Thine is our wisdom, Thine our might;
Oh, give us, more than strength and skill,
The calmness born of sense of right,
The steadfast heart, the quiet will
To keep the awful tryst with death,
To know Thee in the cannon's breath.

. . . . . .

O Lord of love! be Thine the grace
To teach, amid the wrath of war,
Sweet pity for a humbled race.
Some thought of those in lands afar
Where sad-eyed women vainly yearn
For those who never shall return.

Great Master of earth's mighty school,
Whose children are of every land,
Inform with love our alien rule,
And stay us with Thy warning hand
If, tempted by imperial greed,
We, in Thy watchful eyes, exceed;

That in the days to come, O Lord,
When we ourselves have passed away,
And all are gone who drew the sword,
The children of our breed may say,
These were our sires, who, doubly great,
Could strike, yet spare the fallen state.

The charm and the grace of Dr. Mitchell's lighter verse must remain unrepresented in this notice. But from what has been said the reader may form something like a just notion of Dr. Mitchell's versatility, and of the range and the distinction of the poetry included in his volume of Selections.

A Modern Composition and Rhetoric (Brief Course), containing the Principles of Correct English for Schools. By Lewis Worthington Smith and James E. Thomas. Boston: Sanborn & Co.

Practical Composition and Rhetoric. By William Edward Mead and Wilbur Fisk Gordy. Boston: Sibley & Ducker.

English Composition and Literature. By W. F. Webster. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Working Principles of Rhetoric, Examined in their Literary Relations, and Illustrated with Examples. By John Franklin Genung. Boston: Ginn & Co.

If the multiplication of text-books of Rhetoric is to persist, the day cannot be distant when each instructor of the art shall have his own manual; indeed, in a subject of study where the personality of the teacher is of such paramount importance, much might be said in favor of such a consummation. At any rate, so long as the conditions of rhetorical instruction, the temper of classes, and the equipment of masters remain so diverse, the greater the variety of respectable text-books the better. One may be unable to see much advance in the essentials of rhetorical theory since Quintilian; he may doubt, too, whether the average young person of to-day writes as well as a young person of fifty years ago, with the English classics for his models and Blair for his master, would have written; but, notwithstanding this, the outlook is hopeful. Every attentive student of education knows that, within the last decade, the frequentation of rhetorical courses has rapidly increased, and that within the last half-decade the practical teaching of English composition has improved in quality remarkably. There has been a good deal of pedagogic highfalutin commingled with a notable advance in enthusiasm and wise economy of means. All this can be seen in the present output of text-books.

The "brief course" in rhetoric covered in the volume by Smith and Thomas is adapted to a place in the curricula of high schools and academies. In the hands of a teacher of rather more than average cultivation, enthusiasm, and skill, it should prove effective. The intensive study of principles is carried on by it with moderation, and the arrangement for practical exercises in composition seems excellent, so far as one can judge without actually trying the scheme with a class. If we were to specify a fault it would be the choice of illustrative extracts. The English classics are but sparingly quoted. Conan Doyle and Richard Harding Davis, and the editorial writers of the *Dial* and the *Independent* are well enough in their way—it is true that in them the rhetorical principles lie near the surface easily to be seen of youth; but, despite that; and perhaps because of that, we cannot think them the best models.

This is the peculiar merit of the book by Mead and Gordy. The examples and extracts are of the best, unusually apt and pregnant, and chosen from a remarkably wide range of English and foreign classics. The development of the subject is admirably clear and logical, and the scheme for practical exercises is exhaustive. We can conceive that the book as a whole might not arouse quenchless ardor in the student, but, if taught conscientiously, it should afford a solid grounding in composition; and that is the main matter.

Webster's 'English Composition and Literature' is conceived and written on a rather novel line. In theory it is excellent, and in certain special conditions is likely to approve itself in practice. As the title suggests, it calls for a course of parallel and reciprocal studies in literature and composition. There is not much of the usual minute analysis of rhetorical combinations and permutations. The course, as the author remarks prefatorily, "has been so arranged that narration shall be taught by Hawthorne and Irving, description by Ruskin and Stevenson, exposition by Macaulay and Newman, and argument by Webster and Burke." This is truly an exceptional rhetorical faculty, and the details of the course are so carefully worked out that this prefatory promise is actually performed. Hence, for the considerable remnant of every class to which the gods have granted some touch of imagination and taste, this particular text-book should be a blessing. It should help them to attain the expressiveness of the picturesque and telling phrase, and the grace of the deftly turned, rhythmical sentence. Unluckily, however, every teacher of composition knows that for the majority of each class the only grace attainable is the grace of clarity, the tolerably clear expression of sufficiently orderly and concrete thought; and this only at the expense of infinite anxiety and pains on his part. The book, in short, is a good one, and we are prepared to believe that, with a fortunately bright and appreciative class, it might be used with astonishingly satisfactory results; but we fear that with the general run of students it would not prove so serviceable as the more formal and conventional Rhetoric.

For most college graduates of the last fifteen years, Genung has been a name to conjure with; now we have the familiar 'Practical Elements of Rhetoric' revised, enlarged, and ripened into 'The Working Principles of Rhetoric.' This is a thick volume of some seven hundred pages, containing material for the intensive study of both the generalities and the niceties of rhetoric. Space will not suffer us to present an outline of the book, or to criticise the details of the treatment. It must suffice to say that it seems admirably suited to serve as the ground for extended collegiate courses in rhetoric conducted according to the so-called laboratory method. It is at once comprehensive and minute, shirking no difficulty, and admitting no hasty hypothesis. The method and manner of the formal part strike the critical reader as unusually well considered and fructifying; but we would especially commend a timely chapter upon "The Approaches to Invention," in which such perennially important matters as "The Response to Occasion," "The Verifying Spirit," "Habits of Meditation," "Habits of Seeking Clearness, Order, and Independent Conclusions," and "Creative Reading," are discussed with insight and originality.

Baghdad during the Abbasid Caliphate, from Contemporary Arabic and Persian Sources. By G. Le Strange. With 8 Plans. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. Pp. xxxii, 382.

Among the great cities of history which were founded by the will and foresight of one man, Baghdad holds an honorable place. Among the cities of the lands of romance it stands alone. When al-Mansur nourished his mighty dream of binding to one imperial city all the peoples of Islam, east and west, north and south, and, with the city, to the fortunes of his house, he could have had little thought that it, the darling creation of his genius, would, in the process of years and through the drums and tramplings of many conquests, sink to be the obscure capital of a remote province in a kingdom, a merest section of the Muslim world, ruled by uncouth barbarians from beyond the Wall of Gog and Magog. Still less could he, a man of the crassest common sense, have dreamed that his new capital, so laboriously built of solidest brick and guarded and adorned by iron gates, the plunderings of Persia, would come to be supreme over all faery lands, the home, again, of Babylonian enchantments. Yet so its fates have run. The soldiers and statesmen of Baghdad, from the first strenuous Abbasids down through generations of degeneracy, have gone and their memories have followed them. Her grammarians and men of science, her theologians and lawyers, have passed as names written in sand. The massive round Burg of Mansur himself and the Cathedral Mosque where for more than six centuries the Faithful worshipped, have vanished and left not a trace behind. Time has not spared the palaces and gardens where Haroun Alraschid and the Barmecides revelled and drank deep. Of the City of the Caliphs only the tombs of two or three saints, saved from oblivion and the gnawings of time by the pious care of the tradition of the people, have survived. The modern Baghdad is a new city, as far from the old as modern from imperial Rome. But, for all that, its line has gone out through all the earth, and it is a name to conjure with in every written tongue. There are few children whose days have not been glorified by its golden prime, and to whom Haroun and Mesrour are not the most real figures in all the East. Ha-

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roun and his city have left names which, if they do not point morals in the graceless 'Nights,' at least adorn their tales.

And the names are almost all that remains, for East or for West. In the East, the 'Nights' work no such dreamy magic as with us, yet the populace still remembers Haroun, and their proverb still asks, "Is he the fifth of the sons of al-Abbas?" But about his city no one asks, and it is only remembered when the rumor goes round that some Pasha is in disgrace and has been sent to honorable retirement as Governor of Baghdad. For Turk and Egyptian and Persian it is an uncomfortable *ultima Thule*, the very back of beyond itself.

There has been, in truth, more than ordinary pathos in the destinies of this "Mother of the World." Sieged and taken again and again by Turk and Persian, Arab and Mongol, only some two times has it withstood its assailants, and then more by craft and luck than by innate strength. It was a city of spreading gardens and houses, not of towered walls. And so its history has been full of haps, and the glories of its palmy days, of which we mostly think, were short beside its years of decline and mourning. In the East there are few now that do it reverence, and the great work of its historian and topographer, al-Khatib, still lies unprinted in our libraries. Cairo, its younger sister by more than two centuries, and, curiously enough, the foster-mother of the 'Nights,' has not forgotten her chronicler and describer, al-Maqrizi, and his great *Khitat* has been printed at Bulaq. Her children, too, have not forgotten her. The topographer has found a successor in this generation in Ali Basha Mubarak, who does for Cairo much what Sir Walter Besant has done for London, and history was carried well into the last century by al-Jabarti. But of notices of Baghdad, except for stray articles in geographical lexicons and more or less trustworthy tales of travellers, little had struggled into print and its plan was an unread mystery. Menke, in his great 'Hand-atlas für die Geschichte des Mittelalters und der neuern Zeit' (p. 43), frankly confesses that the accessible texts, and especially Yaqut, translated for him by Wüstenfeld, do not yield materials enough for a map; and even so careful an Arabist as Spitta managed, in his life of al-Ash'ari (p. 115), to bury him at once in the extreme north and extreme south of the city.

It was left then for Mr. Guy Le Strange, already known as a student of the Arabic geographers, to solve this problem. Following a suggestion of Sir Henry Rawlinson, he attacked it on the side of the canalization of the Euphrates and Tigris, undoubtedly the weightiest moment in the arrangement of the city, and in 1895 he published from the unique MS. in the British Museum the fundamental text of Ibn Serapion, who wrote about A. D. 900 on the canals of Baghdad. The essential *Vorarbeit* he has now followed up by the present volume, which puts us at last in the position of being able to understand and control the often obscure and perplexed statements of the Arabic historians. The value of the book, it may safely be said, will grow steadily with its use. Every Arabist the track of whose work crosses Baghdad will have to keep it beside him, and its margins should grow rich with his garnered annotations. It will furnish, too, such a test of the historicity of dubious statements as has hitherto been lacking to us. It may even be possible to ascertain whether there is in 'The 1,001 Nights' any such genuine Baghdad stratum with verifiable local allusions as undoubtedly exists for Cairo. For example (though the conjecture is very hazardous), is there any possible connection between the Road of the Painter in the Quarter of Karkh (p. 77) and the painter, as-Sandalani, who lived in that quarter, according to the story of Ibrahim and Jamila (*Nights*, 952-959)?

Others, too, besides the professed student of Arabic, will find this book of interest and profit. Scattered among its details of topography there occur notices of the highest value for the history of civilization as Baghdad had a part in it. Here and there, the canals and palaces and public buildings drop out of view, and we see the people at work —that vast, silent basis for all society. If Mr. Le Strange would put together a volume of translations from the Arabic geographers and travellers bearing on Baghdad, as he has done for Palestine, it would form an excellent supplement, from this point of view, to the present book, and give the non-Arabist a more living impression of Baghdad than could anything else.

Naturally, in the case of a book like the present, there could be much criticism of details, but for that this is not a fitting place. Mr. Le Strange has carried through admirably a difficult and laborious task, and has earned our gratitude and respect. It is highly improbable that the broad lines of his results will ever be altered. Nothing could be clearer than the eight maps and plans with which he has illustrated them, and his elaborate index is a model of its kind. The volume of translations of published and unpublished texts bearing on his subject is all that we can now ask of him.

The Englishman in China during the Victorian Era. By Alexander Michie. 2 vols., 8vo. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

Around the name of the late Sir Rutherford Alcock, Mr. Alexander Michie, himself unquestionably one of the keenest observers and ablest students of affairs in the Far East, has grouped the events of that "cycle of Cathay" now completed by the Boxers. As British consul under the first treaty which opened the Chinese seaports, other than Canton, to trade, and when a British consul needed, above all, power of initiative, Alcock made his mark at once. The "Model Settlement" at Shanghai and the foreign inspectorate of the imperial customs owed their beginnings to him. To executive qualities of a high order, he added a philosophic grasp of problems and a power of clear exposition. Born in the same year with Gladstone, he predeceased that statesman by only six months. His books and literary articles on Far Eastern matters, from 'The Capital of the Tycoon,' in 1862, to his 'Handbook of North Borneo,' of recent publication, helped powerfully to inform and educate English-speaking people. Inheriting a taste for art from his father, he appreciated keenly the æsthetic products of the Japanese, and was the virtual promoter and organizer of the first Japan exhibit at the London World's Fair of 1862.

As surgeon of the "British legion" in the Iberian peninsula, 1832-1837, and afterwards medical lecturer in London, his career as healer of men's bodies was closed in 1844 by an attack of rheumatic fever, a legacy from the siege of St. Sebastian, which partially paralyzed his arms and hands. While thus "on his beam ends," the appointment to China came. There, as in Japan, his methods of diplomacy were essentially military. He believed in "a solid substratum of force" always. He served twenty-seven years in the East, in both China and Japan, converting treaty stipulations on paper to practical realities, and then in England, from 1872, as President of the Royal Geographical Society and in other offices, rounded out a useful life.

Vastly more than a biography, however, are Mr. Michie's two portly volumes, rich in text and historic illustration. In terse and nervous English he reviews the mutual action of Chinese and foreigners during sixty years. Volume II. is virtually his summary of the history of Japan, Korea, and the Chinese Empire since 1859, at least in their foreign relations. Reciprocity, as he quotes from Confucius, is the word expressing his desire and attitude of mind. He is an apostle of stalwart commercialism, a Briton, to whom an American, a Russian, or a Frenchman is an anomaly, and he favors neither missionaries of religion nor "the shallow moralism of the pulpit," while his knowledge of Korea and Japan, derived almost wholly from British authors, is quite one-sided. There is a tendency also to consider "our [British] interests" as the chief end of man—as represented by his circle of readers. China is "England's milch cow." Nevertheless, if not wholly fair in judgment, he strives nobly to be so. His knowledge of the Chinese and their problems is so profound and practical, his insight into the many-sided situation in 1901 is so clear, his pictures of the living actors in the drama so arresting, that we do not hesitate to pronounce this the master-book on Chinese Asia and its international politics. Apart from its free criticism of British policy and the laying open, as by a scalpel, of the motives of the selfish eagles gathering round the expected carcase, Mr. Michie shows clearly that want of seriousness, a delay that is nothing less than felonious, and the mandarin's desire to "save the face" of everything by evading or avoiding the facts and hiding the truth, are at the bottom of China's troubles.

Voyage Archéologique au Safâ et dans le Djebel ed-Drûz. Par René Dussaud et Frédéric Macler. Avec l'itinéraire, 17 planches et 12 figures. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1901. Pp. 228 + 17 double plates.

In spite of the labors of several scholars, our knowledge and understanding of the *graffiti* of the Safa were for long uncertain and unsatisfactory. The contents—they are nearly all of the simple form, BIL-STUMPSHISMARK—and the execution in flying scratches defied equally the copier and the decipherer. So they had to wait twenty years from their first discovery by Cyril Graham in 1857, through a necessary period of wonderful and eccentric conjectures, before Halévy found the key to their mysteries. They now show themselves as commonplace indeed, and of the most wearisome reiteration, containing little but names, and these seldom even of theophorous interest. Their value, in fact, lies almost entirely in their alphabet. In that respect they are a plain link between the

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Hebrew-Phœnician-Aramaic characters and the South Arabian. Further, they show that the development ran from north to south, and not vice-versa. Especially in the added light of the Lihyanic inscriptions we see clearly how the passage of the Phœnician alphabet to that of South Arabia can be explained only by a series of changes, relics of which are stranded in Safaitic and Lihyanic. This of itself marks an important enough stage in the history of the alphabet, and it is only part of the normal irony of palæography that such a development should have depended for its record on the stray scratchings of Bedawin, half-herdsmen, half-husbandmen, who sheltered from their wilder brethren of the desert behind the friendly fringe of Roman garrisons.

The Safa where those inscriptions are found is a chaos of volcanic peaks, lava slopes, and fertile valleys some fifty miles southeast of Damascus. It was visited in the spring of 1899 by MM. Dussaud and Macler, pupils, evidently well trained, of Hartwig Derenbourg, and their results have now been published in eminently satisfactory form. These results may be shortly described as follows. We have the inscriptions themselves, which defy mostly both camera and squeeze-paper, in copies as certain as the conditions admit. Of course, there remains, and always will remain, a gleaning for him who comes after. These are equipped with a commentary, supplementing but by no means superseding that of Halévy. There is also a careful marshalling of the evidence which makes them palæographically so important, and a most probable hypothesis as to the time and circumstances of their origin. The only point on which we must take issue is the translation of the *l* which stands at the beginning of each inscription by *par*. For a Semite it can mean nothing else than *á*, "belonging to"; an Arabic grammarian would say it was *lil-milk*, "to indicate possession." "Cut by A. B." could be rendered in Semitic only by "A. B. cut this," or "This is a cutting belonging to A. B." The part of the book on the Jebel ed-Druz deals mostly with Greek inscriptions. It has not the same interest and importance as the rest.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alge, S., Hamburger, S., Rippmann, Walter, and Buell, W. H. Newson's First German Book. Newson & Co. 60 cents.
Bieloch, W. The New South Africa: Its Value and Development. Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.
Bücher, Carl. Industrial Evolution. H. Holt & Co.
Eliot, George. Personal Edition of her Works, Vols. 1 and 2. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Friedenwald, Herbert. A Calendar of Washington Manuscripts in the Library of Congress. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Górky, Máxim. Fomá Gordyéeff. Scribners. $1.
Griffin, A. P. C. A Union List of Periodicals, Transactions, and Allied Publications Currently Received in the Principal Libraries of the District of Columbia. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Harrison, Eveleen. Emergency Roll: A Few Simple Rules to be Followed in Case of Accident, While Awaiting the Arrival of a Doctor. Clarence L. Kain.
Historical Romances of William Harrison Ainsworth. 4 vols. (Victorian Edition.) Philadelphia: George Barrie & Son.
Ilott, Charles. The Book of Asparagus. (Vol. 1. Handbooks of Practical Gardening.) John Lane.
Kirk, Eleanor. The Christ of the Red Planet. The Publishers' Printing Co.
Kron, R. German Daily Life. Newson & Co. 75 cents.
Larned, J. N. History for Ready Reference. Vol. vi. Springfield (Mass.): The C. A. Nichols Co.
Markwick, W. F., and Smith, W. A. The World and its People, Book X.; The South American Republics. Silver, Burdett & Co. 60 cents.
Moss, Fletcher. Pilgrimages in Cheshire and Shropshire. Didsbury (England): Published by the Author.
Niebuhr, Carl. The Tell el-Amarna Period. London: David Nutt. 1s.
Peattie, Elia W. The Beleaguered Forest. D. Appleton & Co.
Remington Brothers' Newspaper Manual, 1901. Remington Bros. Newspaper Advertising. $5.
Rippmann, Walter, and Buell, W. H. French Daily Life. Newson & Co. 75 cents.
Slauson, A. B. A Check List of American Newspapers in the Library of Congress. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Smith, E. A. The History of the Confederate Treasury. Harrisburg: Published by the Author.
The Holy Bible. Newly Edited by the American Revision Committee. Thomas Nelson & Sons. $1.50.
Tschudi, Clara. Elizabeth, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Some Recent Foreign Language Books

EDGREN AND BURNET'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY. With Pronunciation, Etymologies, etc. By HJALMAR EDGREN, Recentiy Professor in University of Nebraska, and PERCY B. BURNET of the Chicago High Schools. 1252 pp. 8vo, $2.50, *Retail.*

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